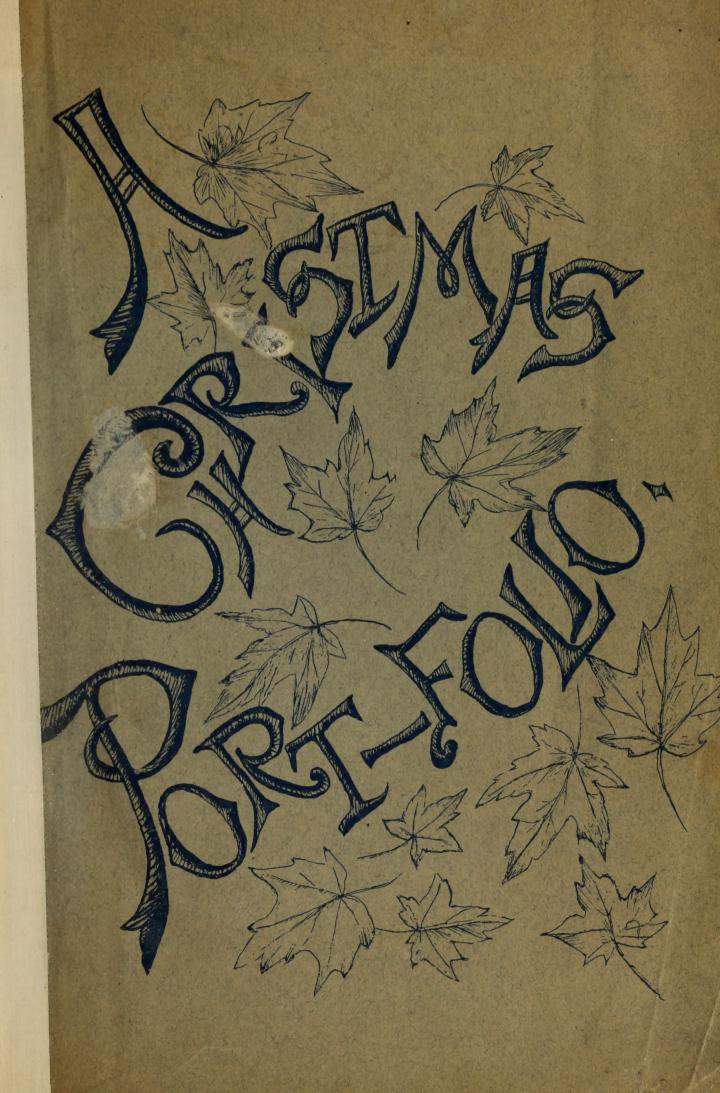
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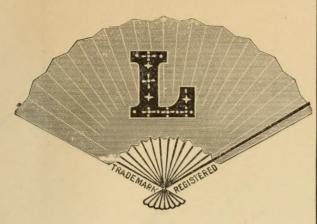
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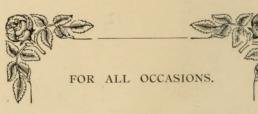
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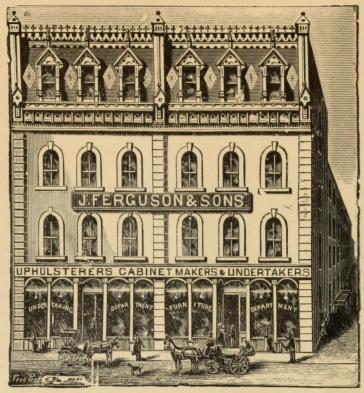
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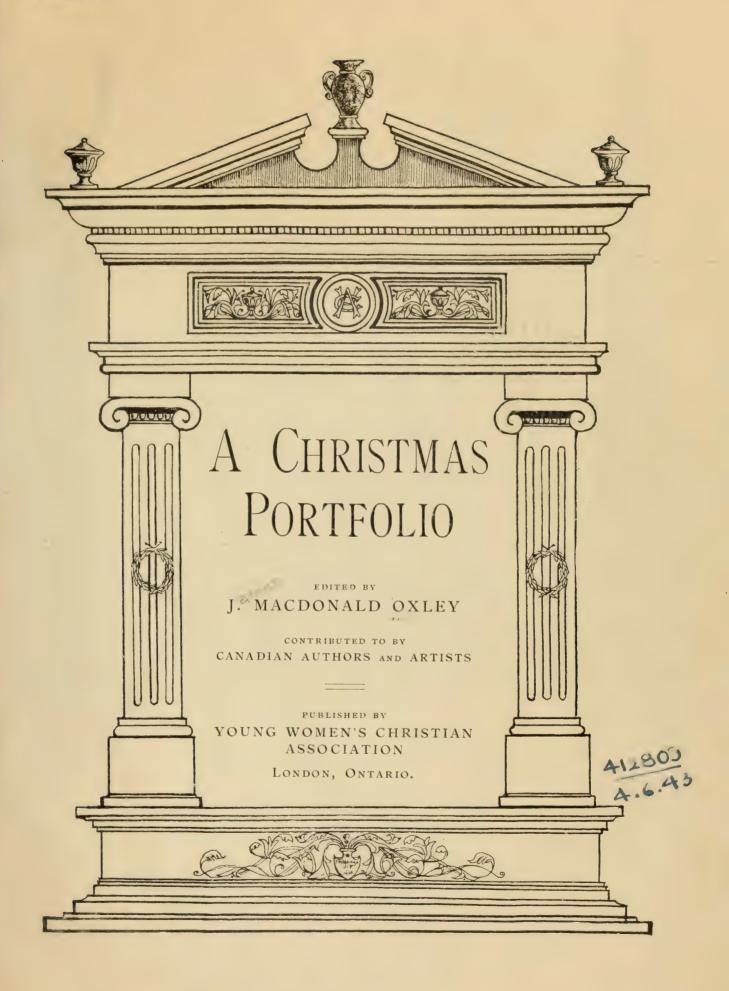
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A CHRISTMAS GREETING

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE. SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN WHEREON THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD WAS BORN; RISE TO ADORE THE MYSTERY OF LOVE WHICH HOSTS OF ANGELS CHANTED FROM ABOVE! WITH THEM THE JOYFUL TIDINGS FIRST BEGUN OF GOD INCARNATE AND THE VIRGIN'S SON. THEN TO THE WATCHFUL SHEPHERDS IT WAS TOLD, WHO HEARD THE ANGELIC HERALD'S VOICE: "BEHOLD I BRING GOOD TIDINGS OF A SAVIOUR'S BIRTH TO YOU AND ALL THE NATIONS UPON EARTH; THIS DAY HATH GOD FULFILLED HIS PROMISED WORD, TO-DAY IS BORN A SAVIOUR, CHRIST THE LORD."

-JOHN BYROM -- 1691-1763.



A GRAY DAY AND A GOLDEN

JEAN BLEWETT.

"Here where the pale green twilights brood
On snow and silent pine,
With no world but God's solitude
Between His face and mine."

--Stringer.

It was a gray day. There had been no crimsoning gleam at sunrise, there was no hint of sunset glory now; there was nothing but a gray world creeping out to meet a grayer sky. The hills to the right, which yesterday had been wrapped in silver sheen and warm blue mist, were a heavy wall of grayness; the willows bordering the stream, a long procession of nuns, gray-faced, gray-robed, gray-veiled. The road, creaked along which the wagon wearily, was but a gray ribbon untangling itself from wide stretches of gray prairie.

"It is starting to rain," said Walter Preston, letting down the curtain of the covered wagon. "I wish it had kept clear another hour. We've only a mile or so to go."

"A little rain isn't going to hurt you," said his wife of three weeks, saucily.

"I'm not thinking of myself." They looked at each other and smiled. The smile told the story: They were a pair of lovers. His arm slipped about her waist. "Nearly home, my girl—though there's no home till we make it," he ended up with.

"Isn't it quiet?" she said. "We've come so many miles, yet passed no rancher's shack or homestead. It would seem good to see a man at the plow, a woman in a door, to hear the lowing of cattle, and laughter of children. We are wrapped up in silence, curtained off with it, covered over with it. Are you lonely, Walter? Do you feel something pressing on you here?" with her hands on her bosom.

"Not a bit of it. I have you. I don't suppose Adam fretted much because there was only one person for company. He wouldn't be dead anxious to give an 'At Home' or a Garden Party, eh?"

They both laughed merrily. Oh, it is good to be young, and happy, and in love! What did they care that the small lakes dotting the landscape were but sombre gray eyes staring miserably up at a grayer sky; that the gulls, flying lonesomely, were gray; the wild ducks, swimming among reeds and rushes, were gray; that the rain itself was gray, no sparkle to its drops, no frolic to its patter; that the gray land stretched itself out so desolately in the dusk, it would seem that God must have made it and then forgotten it, and left it to its loneliness, its virgin strength, and silence.

"Here we are!" The covered wagon drew up at the foot of a small hill. The man jumped to the ground, and assisted the woman in her somewhat perilous descent over the front wheel. "Welcome to the Garden," still holding her in his arms. "We have the advantage of our prototypes in one respect—they weren't allowed to choose the site, while we ranged free and located ourselves. There, look about and tell me what you think. Our house will stand on the hill. We'll have it up this day week if all goes well."

She was tall, with a softly rounded, supple figure. The eyes she turned on her surroundings were blue, and wondrously beautiful. He watched her with some anxiety. Would her courage fail her? Would she regret, ever so little, leaving home and kindred, the friends of a lifetime, for this place—and him? As if reading his thoughts, she laid a hand against his cheek.

- "I'm to be the architect, remember," she said. "You're only the builder. I'm going to have it set a little cornerwise."
- "But why cornerwise? Surely it will be best facing the road squarely."
- "There you are, interfering with the architect's plans already. I want it cornerwise so that I can look from any window in it and see you at your work. Just the two of us, Walter."
- "Just the two of us, darling," with a tremor in his voice.

Presently she broke into a peal of laughter—surely the sweetest sound that had ever stirred the grass and sage. "I'm thinking of father's: Lost—a pair of lunatics," she explained, and he laughed with her.

- "Your friends all think we were mad to marry and come out to this great Northwest, but we'll show them that we made no mistake, Barbara. I know what they say: 'Two young fools, with only love and poverty and inexperience to begin the new life with.'"
- "Pooh!" she said, grandly, "who cares?"
- "Not we," he answered. "We'll thrive in this new land. I feel it. Ten years from now we'll have exchanged our inexperience for wisdom, our poverty for a competence, and—"
- "And our love for the friendly indifference so many married people have for each other, eh?" That "eh?" on the red lips was a challenger. He kissed her then and there.
- "Our love, for nothing under heaven," he said. He meant it. Time would change the face of nature, buildings would rise on the hill, fields of grain would wave in the breeze, cattle would herd in the pasture-lands, but his love for this young wife of his, and her love for him, would remain the perfect thing it was forever and a day.
- "I don't suppose Eve asked Adam to set the coal-oil stove going, but—"
- "Of course!" he cried, beginning to bustle around.
- "There you are. Now you can fry the ham and make the tea, while I tend the team."

He went whistling to his task, as she browned the fragrant slices of ham and arranged a camp-stool to serve as a table; she listened, and more than once crooned merrily a lilt of the air he whistled.

They ate their supper by the light of a lantern, after which Walter unstrapped a bundle, drew from it a pair of blankets, a comforter, a pillow, and proceeded, with Barbara's help, to make the bed in the rear of the covered wagon.

"We'll say our prayers together," she said. "Somehow I feel that we are two little children here alone, and that Heaven is all the father, or mother, or friend, we have or need. Read the psalm, Walter."

He knew it by heart. So did Barbara—her Scotch grandmother had seen to that.

To neither of them had the familiar words ever sounded so sweet, so full of promise. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." His strong, young voice dwelt on the assurance lingeringly.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Ay, the pastures of hope and love are green and satisfying. Earth was so near to heaven, that if they mixed things temporal with things eternal, who shall blame them?

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." Home and hearth, the prattle of children, the honest toil, the life well lived—all this the still waters, the beautiful still waters, mirrored to him.

His eyes, warm with youth and love, could not read the words in their full significance and grandeur. It takes tears to clear the vision. Walter Preston was to come into his dower of real faith in God, as many another man has come into his, by a weary way of loss and failure and self-abasement, but to-night he did not dream of it.

After they had kneeled side by side he took the lantern and went to tether his horses securely. She was in bed when he returned. He flashed the light over her. The red-brown hair, loosed from the bonds of comb and pins, rioted over the pillow; the pure face smiled up at him. How sweet she was!

"If you feel nervous of the dark and—and strangeness, I'll leave the lantern burning," he said, gently.

"Did Eve cry for a light, I wonder?" she returned. "I am not afraid—my heart is too full of happiness to harbor fear—but I'm sleepy, dear. Put out your lantern and come."

Without — a dark, wide world, and a wind made up of sighing, sage and grasses too damp to rustle, a drizzle of rain playing dreary marches on the canvas over the wagon. Within — warmth and tenderness and content.

"Love is to the heart what summer is to the year." To-morrow would bring the man and loaded wagons from Edmonton, but to-night they were alone, and foolishly glad of it.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is a day in August, ten years later. A golden day. Golden now, when the dawn signals so loudly, the earth—dewy and dreamy and fairer than at any other hour-must wake and welcome. It will be golden at noontide, golden and languorous, and heavy with sweetness; golden still when the stars creep out in a saffron sky and night comes lingeringly over the land, with a harvest-moon to light her way. As far as the eye can reach, on either hand, are wheat-fields ripening for the harvest. As the morning breeze stirs it, a faint line of green mingles with the bronze, and the bronze in turn loses itself among the deep yellow. This great stretch of grain is a sea of gold,

with ripples that run away, away to some far-off shore. It has a song of its own, this golden sea: "Seed-time and harvest shall not fail! Seed-time and harvest shall not fail!" There is a glamor in the air. The turbid stream has golden lights on its bosom; the poplars on its banks glisten and flutter: a little craft, shooting out from the shore, has cloth of gold for a sail. Oh, the harvest dawn! There is a golden glory in the heavens above, a golden glory in the earth below, as if God, with His own right hand, did gently lay upon a golden world a golden day.

In the big white house on the hill sits Barbara, but not the Barbara of old. This one has no roses in her cheeks, no laughter on her lips. She is pale as the lace at her neck, and her eyes are bitter. She is writing a letter—a letter ending with:

"I'm tired of it all, and I'm going This new house has never seemed like home to me. grown to care for nothing but land and money-land and money. Once you had time to think of higher things, of religion and right living, and to care for me, but that was before greed hardened your heart and made you what you are—a man who has lost his ideal of honesty, a husband who has lost his love for wife and home. I find myself growing colder every day. I've long since given up trying to win you back. Disappointment, heartache, and the monotony of the life is killing me. I am going home. If God had seen fit to spare me my children I might have been brave enough to stay; but I've been alone—all alone so long. You will not miss me; home and love and heaven mean little to you

any more. It is not wholly your fault. I've changed until I hardly know myself. Good-by."

She puts that "Good-by" down without a tear. There is no feeling in her face. Truly Barbara is changed. She goes outside, but her eyes are blind to the beauty of the golden day. Walter has not been at home for a week. He is a business man with many interests. As leading member of a big firm of grain-buyers, he is engrossed night and day. The clang of reapers fills the air. His men are beginning the harvest almost at the foot of the hill. Behind the big new house stands the little old house—the house of which she was the architect and Walter the builder. She takes her way to it. Not a thing is changed in it; here is the curtained corner, there the shelves in the wall. She brings from one of these shelves a box, and opens it. It has been her whim to keep her keepsakes in the old house. The box is full. On the very top lies the fat diary-book, in which she kept account of various happenings in their early days of married life. She opens it listlessly and begins to read:

"Our house is finished. It is exactly as large as my study at home. I know, because I have the study carpet down and it covers the floor from end to end and side to side. The bedroom is curtained off with chenille curtains, and Walter has made me a dressingtable, which, for handiness, cannot be eclipsed. I have what I call an emergency bed, right under the rafters. When the weather is too bad for the hired man to stay in his tent, I rig this up for him, and, judging from his snores, he sleeps well in it. I hold my breath for fear he and his snores

and the emergency bed will all topple down together, sometimes."

"Made Walter a rolly-poly out of black currant jam and other things. He enjoyed it; says I'm getting to be a famous cook. We've papered the rough board walls of our house with newspapers, startling groups from the "Lady's Pictorial," scenes from Shakespeare, and portraits from "Men and Women of the Century." The artistic combination lends quite an air to the place. Oh, the joy of a oneroomed house! In after years I'll not need to go around saying good-by to drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and hall. I'll just stand in the middle of this floor, open my arms, and cry: Oh, happy room, filled to the roof with memories, no other home can ever be so dear!"

She lifts her heavy eyes and lets them wander over each familiar object. Oh, to go back and begin all over again! She turned over several leaves and read on:

"Too busy to write much since baby came. She is very frail and precious. I have little Teddy in pants, though he is only three. Teddy is a dear, with dark eyes, and cheeks like two red apples. Poor Walter can hardly take time to be proud, he is so busy. He hopes to have five hundred acres into wheat next year. The new house is begun, but I am not its architect."

She is crying now. The hot tears roll down her cheeks and splash upon the book. Someone lays a hand gently on her bowed head.

"I need you. I've lost everything; to-day sees me just where I was ten years ago. Help me to make the best of things, dear one."

Up comes the red-brown head, up comes the eyes, not heavy or bitter now. "Yes, Walter; yes, my own boy," she whispers. Tell me about it."

"I found your letter—it broke my heart—it is true—true. When we

came here I was full of good resolves, but the love of money, the lust for wealth, got hold of me, and everything else became secondary. And now, after all my planning and scheming, I'm a poor man. The company has gone to the wall and my wealth has gone with it. Can you bear to begin all over again?"

"Listen!" her arm slips about his neck. "I long to go back to the old days of peace and prayer and poverty. I don't care for the money, or the fine clothes, or the big house. What I want is my husband, the Walter I came out here with. He went away from me."

"He has come back, Barbara. Look at me."

He is pale, but exultant. The soul of him, strong, repentant, humble, faces her through his dark determined eyes.

"Yes, he has come back," she says, tremulously. He lifts her to her feet, and together move about the room.

"Here we had our library," he says, taking down a ragged Bible from the shelf. With his arm about her, he reads:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

"Barbara, I know the meaning of the psalm now. I learned it on my knees last night."

"And I am learning it. Here by this chest we had our family altar. Do you remember, Walter?"

"If I had forgotten that I would have been past hope," he cries, and draws her to him.

They go out into the golden day and stand silent for a while. By and by she speaks:

"Areyou thinking that all these fields of grain were yours yesterday?"

"I'm thinking how blue your eyes are, and how I love you."



Diendonne

(God Given.)

BY DR. W. H. DRUMMOND

If I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash,
Or win de beeges' prize on lotterie,
If some good frien' die an' lef' me fines' house on St. Eustache,
You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

Do, sir. An' I can tole you, if you never know before, W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss, W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come peekin' t'roo de door, For learn about de nice t'ing's come to us.

An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed, Lak' leetle Son of Mary on de old tam long ago, Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring aroun' hees head, Lo wonder M'sieur Jobin wissle low.

An' we can't help feelin' glad too, so we call heem Dieudonné;
An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he's chrissen by de pries'.
All de sam', I bet you dollar he'll waken up some day
An' carry on as bad as leetle Jean Bateese!

CANADA: THE UPBUILDING OF A NATION

BY

J. CASTELL HOPKINS, F. S. S.



May 2nd, 1497, a little vessel of some sixty tons burden sailed from the Port of Bristol. Pacing her deck and with eyes of hope, gazing out across the stormy, unknown wastes of the

North Atlantic, was a man upon whose action turned centuries of historic struggle and the evolution of vast new empires in a new world. It is true that the Vikings of five hundred years before had passed like shadows over the same seas, and that five years in advance of this lonely sailor Columbus had touched the island-fringe of the new Continent. But it remained for John Cabot to first reach the shores of what afterwards became British North America, and to give an impetus to the naval and colonizing enterprise of England, that at a later period led to the settling of Nova Scotia, the foundation of New England, the century of conflict with France and the great panorama of sombre and bloodstained history which those events produced, and which, in time, formed the continental settling for the foundation and upbuilding of the Dominion of Canada.

Out of these earlier conditions came the migration of the Loyalists, and the planting of the hearths and homes of civilization amidst the loneliness of primeval forests in Ontario and New Brunswick; the slow settlement of

this part of the country and the expansion of the French race in Quebec; the War of 1812, with its gallant resistance of 500,000 scattered people to the onslaught of an organized nation of 6,000,000; the development of liberal and constitutional principles of government through much political storm and stress; the interesting resistance of a small people, who were the potential owners of half a continent, to the immense influences in contiguity, language, commerce, religion, education, political institutions, newspapers and literature of a great and growing nation of ten times its population; the creation of federal unity in 1867, and the expansion north and west from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean: the extension of this unity, through military action, from the shores of Canada to other and fardistant shores of the British Empire.

The older and historic Colonies of British America—Ontario or Upper Canada, Quebec or Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswickcame together in a federal union in 1867. For a few years the new Dominion groped its way into the future blessed by England, which, through many of her statesmen, deemed it on the way to independence, and banned by the United States, which had abrogated existing reciprocity arrangements with a strong hope of promoting annexation. Nor were the people themselves assured as to their own feelings or their own destiny. Their statesmen proceeded, however, in the quiet and unostentatious work of upbuilding the constitution. On

paper it had been constructed and apparently perfected; in reality all the departments of government had to be created and brought into practical working order, while the traditions and precedents and practices of the past in an old and settled community such as England had to be adjusted to suit the changing conditions of a new country with federal institutions and of an administrative system which gradually extended from the four original Provinces, of 662,148 square miles, east over the little Island of Prince Edward, west over the wealthy wastes of Manitoba, across the great prairies of Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, through the gloomy passes and lofty peaks of the Rockies to the Pacific and the Island of Vancouver; north over the wild but often fertile or mineralized wilderness of Franklin, Ungava and Mackenzie, to the far-away Yukon and the shores of the Polar Sea.

From less than 700,000 square miles and a population of 3,485,000, the Dominion has grown to 3,745,574 square miles, with its feet on the shores of two great Oceans, its boundaries touching the frontiers of the American Republic for 3,000 miles, its railways a national network of lines, its ships on every sea, and its 5,369,000 people possessed of financial or commercial interests in every part of the globe. One of the chief factors in such a development, over regions so vast, was that of From the inception transportation. of the Intercolonial, intended in early Confederation days to bind Quebec and the Maritime Provinces together, on through the stormy and serious days of Canadian Pacific construction and the union of the East with the distant West, down to the present year, when three great projects of Continental railway have been struggling for Parliamentary recognition, this problem has been a vital one and the expansion steady and at times remarkable for so small a people—from 2,087 miles of railway in 1867 to 18,868 miles in 1902. Hardly less important than the railways in this connection was the organization of C. P. R. Steamship Lines on the Great Lakes, on the Pacific route to Australia and China, and finally (by purchase) on the Atlantic to Great Britain. Coupled with the earlier and pioneer efforts of Sir Hugh Allan and others in Montreal, Canada found itself, at the close of its first quartercentury of national and federal life, to be a growing and important factor in the trade of the world.

Between 1871 and 1903 the vessels passing through its canals had increased from a tonnage of 4,658,227 to 8,572,134, and the freight thus carried from 3,955,620 tons to 7,513,-197; the passengers carried on its railways had grown from 2,700,000 to 20,679,974, and its railway freight from 5,576,000 tons to 42,376,527 tons; its seagoing, coasting and inland shipping from 27,126,028 tons to 70,726,311 tons. Meanwhile, trade had been having various ups and downs, and had been the subject of innumerable fiscal experiments. In the early part of the nineteenth century and up to 1846 it had been largely in the hands of Great Britain, owing to the existence of the old Corn Laws and Preferential Tariff systems; in the fifties and sixties it had drifted largely into American channels, owing to the

Reciprocity Treaty and the Civil War; in the seventies and eighties it partook of an unstable and changeable character, and was more or less at the mercy of different currents—home production and consumption, American and British competition. By the year 1903 it appears to have settled down along lines which are being controlled by a very different public opinion; one which wants to produce at home everything which seems suited to the soil, the climate, and the qualities of the Canadian people, and to take everything else, so far as may be possible, from Great Britain.

During these thirty-five years, however, this trade was steadily increasing in volume, though sometimes slowly, sometimes swiftly, and with a tendency to keep imports and exports not very far apart in total value. The former in 1871 were \$96,000,000 and the latter \$74,000,000. In 1881 they were, respectively, \$105,300,000 and \$98,200,-000; in 1891, \$119,900,000 and \$98,-400,000; in 1901 they were \$190,400,ooo and \$196,400,000. The expansion of the next two years was remarkable, and in the twelve months ending June 30, 1903, the imports were \$241,200,-000 and the exports \$225,800,000, or a total of \$467,000,000 as against \$170,000,000 in 1871. During this period the export of animals and their produce and the product of a purely agricultural nature had increased from \$22,000,000 to \$114,000,000. great resources of Ontario had been developed and the boundless wheat fields and ranches of Manitoba and the West partially opened up. In manufactures the exports had risen from \$2,400,000 in 1871, when Canadian

markets were between the devil of an American "slaughtering" process and the deep sea of British industrial supremacy, to \$20,600,000. The mineral product for export—mainly in early years from the placer mines of British Columbia, and in later years from the golden gulches of the Yukon—rose from \$2,800,000 to \$34,900,000. Meanwhile, the production of cheese had increased from \$1,000,000 to nearly \$25,000,000.

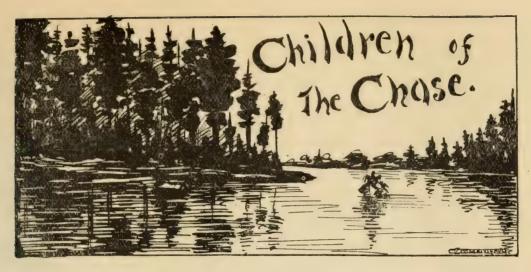
Between 1892 and 1902, in fact, the percentage of increase in Canadian exports was greater than that of any other country in the world, and Canada headed a list in which Japan was second, the United States third, and the United Kingdom twentieth. net Public Debt increased from \$77,-700,000 in 1871 to \$254,900,000 in 1903, while the revenues rose from \$19,300,000 to \$63,700,000. The deposits in the banks grew from \$68,-000,000 to \$460,000,000, and in loan companies from \$8,300,000 to \$162,-500,000, whilst the assets of the chartered banks-under a system which is unequalled in its combined stability, security and adaptability to changing public requirements—rose from \$121,-000,000 to \$641,000,000.

Meanwhile, other and perhaps higher interests were developing in Canada. The moral life of the community remained comparatively free from some of the unpleasant qualities which at times characterized the great mixed mass of population to the South—looseness of marriage laws, extreme political corruption, and lack of respect for civil law or enforcement of criminal law. The sturdy Scotch blood and religious tendency of one part

of the community, the ecclesiastical code and conservative instincts of Catholicism in another portion, and the law-respecting characteristics of the average Englishman everywhere, contributed to this general result. The educational system of the Provinces fully met, as time passed on, the needs of the people, until in the present day the institutions of higher learning are turning out more graduates than the country can assimilate. Owing to the influences already alluded to. Canada has become the most temperate country in the world; its Indians have always been the best governed and managed of any halfcivilized race in modern history; its charities have been well maintained and its laws well enforced.

With all these varied forms of development in progress, the Dominion has entered upon another century in a spirit of hope and confidence. In the beginning of the nineteenth century it appeared as a tiny population of pioneers scattered along the northern frontiers of a hostile nation; environed by the shadow of gloomy forests and the sound of savage life; with the loneliness of a vast wilderness away to the farthest north and west. The past was painful; the present was only relieved by a patriotic fire in the hearts of the Loyalists, and by the cheerful hopefulness, characteristic of their race, in the hearts of the French; while the future was veiled behind dense clouds of evident personal privation and the utter absence of common popular action. At the present time it stands as a united people of between five and six millions, with a foundation, well and truly laid, of great transportation enterprises, of an accepted fiscal policy, and a common Canadian sentiment. It boasts a greatly expanded trade and commerce, a growing industrial production, increasing national and provincial revenues, a wiser and better knowledge of its own vast resources, a steady promotion of settlement, and the continuous opening up of new regions in its seemingly boundless territories. Above all, it has reached out beyond the shores of the Dominion into a practical partnership with the other countries of the British Empire, and is sharing in a greatness and power which the wildest dreams of a United Empire Loyalist, in his log hut in the forest of a century since, could never have pictured.

To meet this apparent destiny, however, and the upbuilding process which must still continue, qualities should be cultivated, such as those possessed by the settlers in the pioneer days, and the narrowness of a superficial and vainglorious democracy as carefully avoided as the subservient faults of a selfish despotism. If the people of Canada cultivate a strength of mind which eliminates boasting, a loyalty which avoids spread-eagleism, an educational system which reaches the heart as well as the intellect and trains the manners as well as the morals, a religious feeling which avoids bigotry and detests intolerance, a national sentiment which is not racial or provincial, but Canadian, an Imperial patriotism which widens the public horizon and strengthens the character of the people while it elevates the politics of the country, that future seems to the finite vision to be reasonably assured.



BEING THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN AND THE FIRST WHITE CHILDREN NORTH OF THE MISSOURI

BY AGNES C. LAUT, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE TRAPPER," ETC.

It has always been supposed that the wife of Manuel Lisa, the Spanish fur trader, of St. Louis, was the first white woman to go up the Missouri to the country of those "tigers of the plains," the Sioux. The immigrant girl, who disguised herself as a trapper to follow a lover to the Indian land of "sky-colored water," Minnesota, has gone down to history as the first white woman in the country of the Boundary. Jane Barnes, who accompanied the Nor'west fur traders round the world in their ship, to the American's Astoria, was the first white woman on the Columbia; but very many years before these women had come to the hunters' land, a white girl, the wife of a French hunter, was riding over the plains with one child in a moss-bag slung from the saddle pommel on the right, and another child to balance the first in a moss-bag slung from the left.

This is how it happened: To a sleepy village of the St. Lawrence came a hunter from the Pays d'en Haut—as all the country north of the Missouri was called. The curé's sister was the belle of the village and the hunter from the north was the hero. What better means to lure the trapper from love of the wilds than love of a wife? So the priest gave his consent to the marriage; and all the habitants drove in from the hills to dance at the wedding. That was in April, 1806. In May the ice broke up; and the "men of the north," all gay in buckskins and colored sashes, launched their great canoes, ninety feet long, with eighteen voyageurs, nine paddlers on each side, up

the Missouri, up the St. Lawrence, up the Ottawa, up the Great Lakes, up the Saskatchewan, to the hunters' land.

B'tiste Lajimoniere stood on the shores of the St. Lawrence with longing eyes. Not the voice of his bride, but the far call of the free West wind, was in his ears. Then Marie Gaboury learned what every Indian woman knows—that when the gipsy yearning comes to fret the hunter, there is no cure but to go. A month later she too had taken a place in the great canoes; and for the first time a woman's voice blended in the ditties that the voyageurs sing to keep time with their paddles. Their honeymoon was what the French voyageurs call "à la belle étoile," under the stars. For twelve years they knew no roof but a tent; and their canoes never stopped till they reached the country of the Boundary, or what is now Minnesota.

B'tiste was a free trapper. He joined none of the great fur companies, but hunted alone and came back to the forts to sell his furs to the highest bidder. His wife could not stay at the lawless, drunken forts alone, so she accompanied him to the hunting-field. It was autumn when they reached the West, and B'tiste at once joined the buffalo hunters, to lay up provisions for the winter. On pretext of friendship, a young Sioux woman came often to Marie's tent. One night B'tiste galloped furiously back from the buffalo hunt, with terror on his face, and without any apparent reason carried his wife off to the thick of the buffalo hunt. A whisper had gone from camp to camp that the Sioux woman always carried knife and poison to Marie's tent. She was jealous of the white woman's beauty. midst of these dangers, the first white child of the Pays d'en Haut was born on American soil; and they called her Reine, because it was the birthday of a king, and she was to be the queen of the hunters' land.

And when the ice broke up that spring, once more came the spring fret; and B'tiste launched his canoe again, west and north, with Marie at the stern and little Reine lying athwart, strapped in a grass-lined moss-bag, till they came within the long shadows of the Rocky Mountains, at the head waters of the Saskatchewan.

One night B'tiste and his hunter friends beached their canoes and lay around the camp-fire enjoying that best hour of the trapper's day, between supper and sleep, when pipes are smoked and yarns told, and the log fire heaped till shadows dance. Suddenly there broke from the dark a terrible cry. The hunters sprang for their guns, and Marie rushed from her tent, to see a huge form crashing past her into the willows. In the light of the flame there

upturned a face—a white man's face—then down struck a monster paw. With a single rip, the bear had torn the hunter's face off from hair to chin. It was B'tiste who rescued the mangled man and killed the grizzly. It was Marie who nursed the faceless victim back to life.

By this time Marie, like all dwellers of the plains, had become more at home in the saddle than on foot; and B'tiste had presented her with a buffalo pony that could outrun all the horses of the Indians. One summer afternoon, when the hunters were jogging idly along, with no expectation of game, and Marie was riding behind with little Reine swinging in a moss-bag from the saddle pommel, there sounded the dull pound—pound—pound as of countless riders. Marie's first thought was of Indians on the warpath. Not so thought the buffalo pony. True to lifelong training, head, nose and tail in the air, he shot out like wind. The next moment the prairie was a rocking sea, myriads of buffalo hulking down ravines, across sloughs, up hills,-rock -rock-in an endless tide. The pony had carried her into the thick of the stampede and was having the time of his life. swift race, neck to neck, and the horse suddenly planted all fours opposite a big buffalo in a way that nearly jolted its riders into eternity. A pause for its rider to fire, as a good hunter should, then off raced the pony, wondering all the while, no doubt, with good horse sense, why in the name of grasses that hunter on his back didn't fire. Clinging to the horse's mane and the dangling baby's neck with all her strength, Marie could do nothing but go where the pony carried her. The hunters saved her by riding across the horse's path and cutting him out of the herd.

That night, on the banks of the Saskatchewan, was born the first white boy of the Pays d'en Haut; and in memory of the ride

Marie jocosely called him La Prairie. Though she knew no roof but a tent for twelve years, and had more adventures than would fill a book, Marie lived to be ninety-six years old. True to her birthright, little Reine went to Minnesota when she grew up; but La Prairie lived on the plains till there came one of Mr. Hill's railways from St. Paul to the north, when the boy born after the buffalo hunt sold his farm on the banks of the Red River for \$100,000, and became a rich man.





MADAME LAROCQUE

BY

S. FRANCES HARRISON (SERANUS)

Author of "The Forest of Bourg Marie," "Pine Rose and Fleur de Lis," etc.

Hosmer, an Englishman of thirtyone, who followed art in New York, had ceased to go to the Adirondacks. For five seasons he thought no place equal to the hut set hermitwise in the cool forest glade, where a young Cuban waited on him and produced from tins, boxes and bottles various délicatessen. The Cuban's time was not altogether his own, and when he had saved sufficient money he took a grateful leave of the painter and, with one eye on a Rhodes scholarship, entered college. Why Hosmer thought of Canada, he hardly knew himself; but there came a day when, bereft of his Cuban, he shouldered his slight artist's kit and, not without apprehension, crossed the St. Lawrence to a point from where he could reach several varieties of Canadian landscape. The apprehension with which he made this choice of a summer campaign lay in the fact that, like so many others, he only knew one side—the winter one—of our vast coun-A Canadian July might spell try. something quite different from a New York State July, or a Berkshire Hills July, or a Gloucester (Mass.) July, and he found himself looking with some dismay at his rather meager assortment of rugs and coats as he neared his destination. This was the village of Coteau du Lac, the first typically

picturesque French - Canadian settlement you meet as you descend the river, and near the junction of both Provinces.

Hosmer, lukewarm in nothing else, desired weather neither hot nor cold; for the latter he was partially prepared, but it was the former which he experienced, to his surprise, when once installed in the farmhouse where he had written for rooms. Nevertheless, he began to go off at once for sketching trips of a day, a couple of days, or a week, returning with "impressions" and "bits" taken from the flowerdecked fields and river banks, quaint villages and old stone houses and gardens. For it was the full glory of a warm, ripe Canadian midsummer he had lighted upon, and he had to admit that it was the first time he had ever set himself to explore and to paint the actual "country," as it is called; not selected and famous scenery, not the mountains, nor the sea, but the ordinary open fields and highways, the sequestered lakes, sometimes the unnamed rivers, that lay about him. deed, for the first time he felt that he was doing good work—his own, and no other man's—and soon three large pictures, in a more or less finished state, stood in the front hall of the Archambault's comfortable stone farmhouse,

where Séraphine-Lucette stole frequent entranced looks at them.

Hosmer thought her a little beauty for several days before he asked her to go out with him, to hold things and to fill his water-bottle; then he discovered that she was a little lady as well. Old Archambault had sent his three girls to a convent, and whatever else they had learned, manners easily came first. For example, the nails of Séraphine-Lucette were uniformly clean, unlike those of the young Cuban: your scholar is the same all the world over. And the meals, set out on slabs of lichenpowdered rock, if not so dainty in selection, were made the most of by serviettes and a nosegay.

Hosmer tested her artistic faculty in many ways, and never found her lacking in taste as long as the arrangement or application of color lay outside herself; with regard to her choice of ribbons and flowers she was a little wanting, it seemed, and it was clearly his duty to teach her to cultivate her evident artistic feeling. Thus a degree of intimacy grew up between the man of the world and the maiden of Coteau du Lac, as so frequently occurs in the case of artist and model, the painter especially being extremely happy in such surroundings.

So much had the magnificent tinting of these Canadian fields to say to him, that he was obliged to order the most expensive, the newest and most brilliant paints procurable, and one day he would be writing for "viridian" and another day for "aureolin," and once he was in despair because a certain peculiar shade, "Rose Doree," had just run out. This was while he was engaged on the large

canvas he brought back to New York that fall, and which made a sensation under its double title, being called "A Canadian Meadow," while underneath was written "Our Lady of the Snows." It represents a large meadow sloping a little from left to right of the picture to a stream of water, and a few trees, under which a girl is kneeling. The meadow is the picture, for, painted with an elaborate care, yet with force and a prodigal use of gorgeous color, it represents, in a ground-yellow of drying grasses, large clumps of orangered asclepias or Indian Fire, over which are hovering, shimmering, and settling, hundreds of the wide-winged, topazhued butterfly, the Queen of Spain. The girl, a full-throated dark beauty, is clad in thin pale-greenish drapery, and, although not overcome with the heat, is dipping her handkerchief in the water while she looks up to the sky, the latter of a brilliant, hard, pitiless blue.

The heat in the picture, the original treatment of the glowing field seen in perspective, the size and splendor of the thing, made Hosmer's name anew. The girl, of course, was Séraphine-Lucette, who had now become his constant sketching companion, so constant that a less absorbed or more demonstrative man would have foreseen the end; as it was, eight or ten weeks elapsed before he realized how much the company of this quiet, pretty little girl had become to him. He had put in the last touches to Séraphine-Lucette's green-and-white gingham (he had bought this for her himself to ensure against mistakes), when, out of a long train of thought, beginning at Paris, continuing in New York, and ending

in the Archambault farmhouse, he spoke. Of course, being a man of honor, he would take the only proper and honorable course, and he had no doubt as to how he would be answered.

"Give me the Vert Lumière," he said presently to Séraphine-Lucette, "it's on the top, and—oh, yes, the Bleu Intense too, there's a good child, and—well—the fact is—look here, Seraphina, I've been thinking for some time of asking you to marry me, eh? What do you say? I'm—here, I can't paint and propose too!"

He stood up and faced her, with a dawning shyness upon him; she was so quiet and unmoved.

"I believe I'm peculiar; everyone says I am, so I suppose I must be, but I'm a decent chap, and we'll be very happy. Take care of you, you know; we'll travel together and I'll design your dresses. I hate society, and you naturally wouldn't expect or wish to be bothered with it. And then, Seraphina, I'm—I'm really fond of you, child."

There is no doubt Hosmer was in earnest. Wanderings, he hoped, were over; here was a haven. Yet Séraphine seemed to meet his eye rather too calmly.

"I am sorry, M'sieu," she said in her excellent convent English, "but I cannot marry you. I am already engaged, as you would say. I have promised to marry with another gentleman, in the winter, at the New Year, M'sieu."

Hosmer started.

"Another gentleman! Where is he? Who is he?"

He had actually raised his voice and stood staring and red.

"His name is Mr. François-Zavier

Larocque. He is not a gentleman such as you, M'sieu, but he does well at his business—he has a large mill at Three Rivers—and is rich, M'sieu. He has always expected to marry me, M'sieu."

- "I see," said the artist, grimly.
- "And you couldn't put him off, being so well-to-do and all that?"
- "No, M'sieu," innocently. "You see, I have promised."
 - "Do you like him, Seraphina?"
- "Yes, M'sieu. He has a good heart."

"Why isn't he ever here with you?" Séraphine cast down her eyes. She really was the most self-possessed, provoking little French person.

"He can never come in the summertime, M'sieu. He is too busy."

Later on that year, when the great Canadian picture attracted so much attention, its creator still thought a good deal of the original of the pretty dark figure under the trees. She had not been precisely his equal, he would say, and her culture was scarcely begun, vet he also remembered that she did not use slang, nor was she ungrammatical-more than could be said for many of the young ladies who hung upon him in his studio. The companion pictures to the "Meadow," only partially sketched, lingered too in his mind — a river, with banks set thick with spikes of crimson-cardinal flower; a field of wild red lilies; the long brown pier, with the old-fashioned boats and gay canoes; the great stone church, with its gilded spire, surrounded, at the close of service, by a mixed and picturesque assemblage—all these drew him, fascinated him, so that when a second summer

arrived he wrote to the Archambault farmhouse and learned he could have his old quarters.

No Séraphine-Lucette was there now to wait on him and spoil him, but he heard instead of a certain wealthy and much-admired Madame Larocque, who was even then in Europe with an indulgent husband, who bought her diamonds and silk dresses—not gingham ones - and who had taken her to the opera. Mdme. Larocque—Mdme. Larocque—it was toujour ma fille, cette belle Mdme. Larocque, or in English, old Archambault would tell of the "beeg time" his daughter was enjoying abroad. In fact, the reiteration of this name became quite tiresome to Hosmer. who felt a little injured still, and he cut his painting trip short, but not before he had finished "A Canadian River," intended for a Spring Exhibition in New York.

With its glowing flowery banks, tangled tropical-looking foliage, and pale, threatening, thundery sky, it stood out as well as the "Meadow," and was always the center of interest. May blossomed into June, and Hosmer, moody, disinclined for work and tired of praise, wandered into the Exhibition one day, his thoughts very much "up north," as his friends were wont to describe Canada, and amused himself listening to the comments on the pictures, mostly absurd or ignorant, as such comments usually He heard, nevertheless, much that enlightened him as to the strange ideas of many Americans regarding the climate, geography and other attributes of the Dominion. The land of snow and pines appeared to linger obstinately in their minds, and puzzled

groups were constantly viewing his "River" and "Meadow," as if north of the International Boundary such things as light, heat, color and beauty were unknown quantities.

- "I guess that ain't no Canadian river," remarked a stout woman to her thin husband.
- "I guess 'tain't, neither. Maybe it's down Florida way."
- "As for that girl in the "Meadow," she's more like an Italian than a Canadian. Didn't know they grew them so dark up that way," said a fellow artist.

Hosmer frowned, and turning quickly managed to step on the rather long black skirt of a lady who had been standing near him for some minutes.

This lady was of an elegant and attractive figure, although not tall, and her black draperies were rich and silky, for all their sombreness. As she turned, recognition was inevitable and complete. Behold! the rich and beautiful Madame Larocque, no longer the little Séraphine-Lucette; a trifle thinner, a trifle more self-possessed, and clad in the stuffs of Paris, with the air of Paris, and with an arch of diamonds spanning the bow of black filmy tulle at her throat—the full throat he remembered so well!

Mdme. Larocque! The painter spasmodically addressed her; he could not be mistaken in *Seraphina*, and she—well, perhaps no woman ever forgets a man who has proposed to her. The situation was, however, not awkward for long, as Hosmer had always treated her with polite and tender respect, even if his proposal had savored of bluntness—that was only the man.

"And Mr. Larocque?" he forced himself to say. "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting him."

"Mr. Larocque died while we were in Paris," said the black-garbed vision, gently; and indeed the news affected Hosmer to a remarkable degree. His eye travelled from the diamond arch to the pointed hat of snow-white crape set on the dark hair.

"Paris modes," said Mdme., softly. "But, you know, you never approved of my dressing when I was at home."

"Pardon, I have nothing but praise for the present confection, but it does not exactly convey—I mean prepare one for—the fact that you are—that is, that you have sustained a bereavement. It seems strange—yet, no, there is nothing strange in these encounters—to meet you face to face with your picture. May I accompany you and tell you of my later work in that locality?"

He not only accompanied her that day, but also to Coteau du Lac in a few weeks, when it was evident that the romance of two years back was renewing itself under changed conditions. Hosmer, in his new-found admiration for the "little girl," who had gone through so much and who

was almost a *grande dame* at times in her treatment of him, was quite a changed character.

"Do you still hate society?" said she one day, "because Mr. Larocque didn't, and he was anxious that I should go on enjoying myself with the money he so kindly left me."

"Society," says Hosmer, impressively, "by itself, in itself, or by myself, is a bore and a mistake; but society with you, Seraphina—pardon, Mdme. Larocque—would be—ah—Paradise."

By this will be seen his abject condition, from which he rallied in due time after marriage with the charming widow, who entertains for him in a fine house of her own erection in Montreal Hosmer knows that Fate has been overkind to him, and so he works very hard to deserve his blessings. ambition is to hold a series of private views in Great Britain of such Canadian pictures as the "River" and the "Meadow," hoping that they will serve as antidotes to the buffalo and Red Indian, icicle and pine-tree Xmascard productions, and open the minds of the English people to the varied and contrasting beauties of what has become his adopted country.



Che Chree Chings.

BLISS CARMAN.

Because I see you, bright and brave,
I say to my dependent heart:
"Up, loiterer! Put off the guise
Of gloom, and play the sturdier part!"

Three things are given man to do:

To dare, to labor, and to grow.

Dot otherwise from earth we came,

Dot otherwise our way we go.

Cheerful, undoubting, and humane,
Surviving through the direst fray,
Preserving the untarnished strain.

Three things are given man to know:

Beauty and truth and honor. These

Are the nine virtues of the soul,

Her mystic powers and ecstasies.

Ind when I see you bravely tread

That difficult and doubtful way,

"Up, waverer; wilt thou forsake

Thy comrade?" to my heart I say.

WILD ANIMALS OF THE NORTHWEST

BY

ALFRED MACCUNE, RED DEER, ALBERTA

(Aged 14 years)

There are a great many different kinds of wild animals in the Northwest, and as my home is at the foot of the Riding Mountains, I have some good chances of seeing a great many. The most powerful and savage of all these animals, I think, is the mountain lion. His head and shoulders, with the shaggy mane, are like a lion, but his body and tail are like a wolf, with short hair. He eats sheep and calves, or any small game he can find.



Next come the moose and the elk: and I think I never saw a grander sight than these noble animals as they go bounding over the open prairie or through the green bluffs and valleys. The moose are brown, a very dark brown, and some of them have very large horns. The elk are vellow and have large horns also, but of a different shape. grandpa shot three moose, and he has three of the largest pairs of horns I ever saw.

Then there are the jumping deer, small and springy,

which go jumping through the ravines, waking the wolves that lie curled up in the long grass, and sending the timid little rabbits skipping into the deep scrub.

The jumping deer, the moose and the elk are all good to eat, and their hides, when tanned, are made into robes and moccasins.

Of foxes, there are only three kinds—red, gray, and black; but the black ones are not very plentiful.

The beavers have very useful and beautiful hides. They have made dams across nearly all the streams near here.

There used to be lots of buffalo, but they have gone farther north. They go in herds, and their heavy tread has made great, deep paths in the prairie for miles.

Next comes the lynx, with his green-gray eyes and soft fur—a very pretty animal, but wicked. They are gray in color, with black stripes down their backs. Some of them are very large, being from four to six feet in length. My grandpa shot one that measured six feet, and, I tell you, he was a beauty. They are something the color of a timber-wolf, but their fur is much finer. The timber-wolf is gray, and much larger and fiercer than the prairie-wolf. When there are two or more they are very dangerous; but if alone, cowardly.

Many black and brown bears are to be found. They are good-natured and harmless if left alone. The mountains are their home, and they very seldom venture out on the prairie. Their hides are used for robes and coats.

Of all the funny-looking animals, I think the badger is the funniest, with his small head and fat little body; and it is almost impossible to kill them without shooting. You can hardly hurt them with a club, for their hide is so big for their body that they just seem to roll around in it, and pull their little heads, all but their nose and bright eyes, right down their throats, and then look at you, as much as to say, "kill me if you can."

The fisher, marten and ground-hog are also to be found, although not very plentiful.

The gophers—last, but not least—although they are small, do a great deal of damage to the crops. They look like a chipmunk, only they have little pockets in their cheeks to carry grain. They destroy hundreds of acres of wheat, for they just chew it off close to the ground; and they are so small it is hard to catch them, except with a snare. This is made of a piece of wire, with a kind of slipknot, and put over the hole where they live; and when Mr. Gopher pops his head up, just tighten on the string and you have him prisoner. It is great sport, except on a scorching day on the bare prairie; but with all the scorchers, give me the wild animals and the West!

THE PROSAIC LIFE OF A ROMANTIC WOMAN

BY
TEIRRAH SIDDIRP.

I have ever felt that I was destined to a life of romance. The longing and hoping for it are so deeply imbedded in my heart, that I am sure they have tinged my blood with a more azure hue than that which flows through the veins of my commonplace sisters. I have never craved beauty, and would not exchange one aspiration of my ardent soul for all of Rosamond's Dresden-china coloring; but I would fain barter my homely name, Sarah, for her musical cognomen. In my adoration of intellect, I feel that my brother William's massive brow is misplaced; he has a bovine content in the plowing of his fields, and in watching the slow development of their crops, that to me is simply exasperating. Indeed, at one time I quite lost my faith in phrenology, till an able professor of that fascinating study assured me that many superficial observers fell into the error of judging from the low growth of hair on the forehead, and that the dome of my craneum is really massive, though hidden by a mat of dark hair. In order to remedy this disfigurement, I procured a pair of tweezers, and, after some patience and endurance, for the

process was very painful, I gloried in the possession of a highly intellectual brow. It is true that its beauty was somewhat marred by a slight blue tinge where the dark hair had grown, and my feelings were constantly being wounded by the slighting remarks of my unappreciative family; but I had attained one of the cravings of my life, and was encouraged in the hope that others would follow.

As years passed on, the vague, unformed restlessness of girlhood settled into the cravings of a woman's heart, and I waited and longed for my fate, never doubting that, in the fullness of time, he would come.

My sisters all married, making substantial, uninteresting matches with boys who had carried their books to school and escorted them home from singing-class; but my fate, when he came, would surely be heralded in some mysterious way—a god among men, with golden locks and inspired eyes.

Frances Stone little knew how far below the line she hit when she declared that I had driven her clod of a brother beyond the seas by my persistent shadowing of his path. All my life long I have been misunderstood.

My confidence in the possibilities of my future met a singular confirmation the autumn following the marriage of my youngest sister.

A negro fortune-teller settled in the neighborhood and caused quite a stir among the young men and maidens by his wonderful insight into the lives and characters of all who sought an interview. The intensely prosaic character of my family circle made it impossible for me to try my luck with their knowledge and approval, so I took advantage of a visit to a friend, and we started off in the late afternoon of a dark November day, hoping no one would see and report on our foolishness; for, of course, I knew it was foolishness and placed no real confidence in the revelations. In crossing the common, to avoid the publicity of the highroad, we lost our way, and it was quite dark when we reached a tumbled-down, disreputable-looking negro hut. Even my staunch heart failed when my rap at the door was followed by shuffling of feet and the sound of many voices within. Wright began to whimper, and begged of me to run away before anyone came. Our flight, even if decided upon, was prevented by the opening of the door, and we were confronted by a vile-looking negro, with his only eye so strongly cast that, in the dim light of a smoking lamp, it looked as though it were placed in the middle of his face. Three or four hulking young fellows were seated around a red stove. The presence of a motherly wench, clearing away the tea-things, alone gave me confidence enough to falter, "Are you the fortune-teller?" With his "Yes;

come in!" the die was cast: we entered, and he offered chairs.

I could not have the secrets of my heart laid bare before these sordid beings, so, after maintaining an awkward position for what seemed an endless time, I timidly suggested another room. With an enquiring glance at his wife, he led the way into what was evidently the family bedroom. Oh, for the medieval days of Gipsy romance and the greensward!

Through the vehicle of a greasy pack of cards, this modern oracle made wonderful revelations of the past, though he could not have known anything about us, as we carefully hid our identity.

Birdie was disposed of in a few words: she would get her wish, she would never be rich and never poor, she would be married before a year, she would have four in family.

After cutting my cards he looked at me sharply, then asked to see my hand. I have always prided myself on the dainty shape and refined texture of my hands. I consider it so much surer an indication of birth and breeding than mere beauty of feature; so I removed my gloves and held them out readily. He looked first at the right and then at the left, bending the wrists—how the contact made me shudder !-- then, returning to the cards, he said, "You have never worked, and will never have to work for a living. You will have a great disappointment; but you will marry a lord and rule over multitudes. You will have ten in family. You are very clever, and carry through whatever you undertake." He added a great many minor points, which I have since forgotten, though I remembered them distinctly as they were one after the other fulfilled.

After accepting our fees of fifty cents, our uncanny soothsayer showed us out the door, to be met by a blinding snowstorm. In dismay we started on our lonely way home, poor Birdie trembling, sobbing, and wishing we had not come. When our position became really perilous, for we were neither of us familiar with the road, we were relieved by a friendly voice exclaiming, "What are you girls doing on such a night, in this outlandish place?" and the Rev. Arthur Rowan held an umbrella between us and the storm. I never was so delighted to see, or rather to feel, anyone, for I clung to his arm in an ecstasy of excited relief.

Arthur Rowan was a young clergyman who had lately come in our midst, and had been so busy looking up his congregation, that he had taken very little part in our social life. The hardships of that tramp home broke through the pale of conventional intercourse, and we became fast friends.

Birdie caught a severe cold from the exposure, and was confined to her home most of the winter. I never before realized what an interest churchwork could bring into a dull, useless life. I really felt that this was my vocation; that the multitude over which I was to rule was doubtless a vast and growing congregation; for, with an able helpmate, who can limit a clergyman's sphere of influence?

I worked like a Trojan throughout that winter, quite discarding all the frivolous decorations of a worldly life. I was president of the Guild, treasurer of the Dorcas, organist at the Wednesday evening service, teacher in the Sunday School; in fact, the Rev. Arthur frequently declared he could not manage the parish without me. Then, in the spring, when everything was bright and full of budding life, I received an invitation to the marriage of Birdie Wright to the Rev. Arthur Rowan. How I hated the flat routine of church-work through the dreary months that followed; but pride would not allow me to give it up till an opportune visit to a distant city made the desired break.

How I kicked against the restraints of my life and my woman's sphere! What chance to marry a lord and be a ruler in the world, for which I felt I had the ability, if I were never to see a lord!

I partially satisfied this craving for a romantic career by reading all the novels I could get, and when they began to pall on my restless brain, I awoke to the thought-here is a field that is open to me! Not necessary to be a man to strike out a path for one's self in this broad country: many of the most successful writers of the day are women. I wrote a novel. I wrote three novels. Oh, the work attached to the writing, correcting, copying! And, after all, no one would publish them, though I know I have read hundreds of books without a tithe of their romantic interest.

In the years that passed I had many admirers, but among them no lord. When Eustace Germain came to see me, my brother William said he was such a small fish, if I could not land him I had better stop trying. Anyone could tell he was an aristocrat

from his name, and, being an Englishman, who could say what the possibilities of a title might be?

So we were married one bright June day, at a pretty little country parsonage, and no one knew anything about it for a month; not even my parents, though someone had recognized my pony at the gate and set the village gossips talking.

Eustace said from the first, that if we were to be married, there was no use making a secret about it; but I did want a little romance around this one great event of my life.

When my eldest boy was born, my princely Eric, I felt almost satisfied; and then my queenly Alexandra! From her cradle she carried her head as though it bore a crown. Then came my little gentleman, Isadore, with his bright, clever twin sister, Dora. Constance, the next, is an amiable girl, and, though not pretty, she cannot help being graceful, with her elegant length of limb.

The care of the twins, through a long year of fretfulness and teething, and the birth of Constance before they were quite out of the nursery, broke my health and spirits. I lost all faith in my brilliant destiny, and felt that I could fight fate no longer. I grew morbid and listless, quite unlike my usual vivacious, energetic self. I could see that Eustace was worried for this. I will say, though by no means my romantic ideal and not a good provider, he has always been a kind and considerate husband and father.

The following winter there came to our village a very good theatrical company, and I attended every performance of its melodramatic repertoire. Here, I felt, was the romance my soul craved!

I sought an interview with the manager, and, after a trial of my histrionic gift, obtained a position.

That night I debated whether I should or should not make a confidant of my husband, and appeal to his indulgence to gratify my desire. I had an instinctive feeling that there was a limit to his forbearance, and, unless I made a brilliant hit, the name of the stage would shock his family pride.

I decided to leave with the company, under the shadow of night, and destroy all trace of my existence till I blazed forth a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical world, for I felt within me the power of great things. Alexandra was old enough to take care of baby, and I knew the Good Shepherd would not permit my sweet lambs to want while I went forth in search of greener and more abundant pasture.

I did not find my theatrical venture all I expected. The one thing the manager impressed on his company was the necessity of constant hard work -inspiration counted for less than nothing. With the paint and glitter discarded, the society in the morning repulsed my sensitive taste. After less than a week's absence, not a hundred miles away from home, before I had got even a peep at the world for which I longed, my career came to an abrupt end by the arrival of my husband. I must confess that my predominant feeling was relief, though I quailed a little at the thought of his seldomaroused anger.

Convinced that I could better maintain my dignity with dramatic surroundings, I determined to meet him in

the costume I wore to dress rehearsal, which consisted of a court-trained cotton velvet, belonging to the company. I had the walking lady's part of dowager duchess, and, as the accommodation in the playhouse was limited, was, with the other minor characters, obliged to go back and forth in my stage costumes. I lowered the blind, and, with stray locks escaping from the paper diadem on my head, arms and shoulders bare-and bosoms too, for that matter-I dropped on a stool beside a low table, and, supporting my head on my raised hand, with the profile turned at a becoming angle, I prepared to argue my right to an independent career; but prepared, also, to give way to the craving of a mother's heart and the importunity of a devoted husband.

Without greeting of any sort, or remark on my appearance, Eustace stood by the door he entered and said, "Sarah, put on your bonnet and shawl immediately. I have settled with your manager and the tavern-keeper."

I raised my arms appealingly, and would have thrown myself at his feet, but was stopped by a gesture, while he added, quietly, "I have allowed more license to your tomfoolery than I ought to have done; but I shall see to it that you do not disgrace an honorable name and ruin the lives of my children."

I might have been satisfied with the tragic effect of this position, but the ghost of a smile that flitted across his worn face humiliated me beyond expression.

"The stage leaves in less than ten minutes. You will have no time to spare in getting rid of that ridiculous toggery," he added, as he left the room.

I am sorry to say my social prestige was somewhat affected by this adventure. Woman's sphere is so limited by the conventional, there is so little understanding in this workaday world of the longing of an ardent soul.

On the birth of my beautiful Eleanor, certainly the prettiest child I ever saw, the episode became so entirely a part of the dim past that I can hardly realize that it is not some vividly-portrayed story which I have read.

With the advent of brave King Harold, our baby boy, my family circle was completed. Remembering the old seer's numbers, I hardly expected Harold to remain baby so long, till one day it struck me that the words he used were, "You will have ten in family." My seven olive branches, their father, myself and our domestic fulfil the number of the prediction in a marvelous manner.

Watching the development of my sweet and innocent babes, I often wonder at the blindness of mothers who mistake all their little black crows for beautiful swans. If there were a flaw in my whole flock, with my marvelous insight into human nature, I am sure I should be the first to recognize it. Perhaps I might have wished the boys to be larger of stature, and the girls, all except my beautiful Eleanor, who is simply my ideal, a little less turbulent; but, on the whole, I do not know a family so nearly perfect in all respects.

I am sure my boys will make their mark in the world, and my girls are destined for brilliant matches. With this latter end in view, I am prepared to sink my personal ambition and play the part of vigilant chaperon; for, though they go to their father with their tiresome lessons and their prosaic aches and pains, they always come to me for sympathy in their higher life, their plans and ambitions.

Feeling this confidence, I was surprised and shocked at Alexandra's unforeseen misalliance with a common backwoods farmer. Still, no doubt, the dear girl wove a romance for herself from the unpromising material, and I can more readily forgive her the recklessness of her rash act, than the heartlessness with which she stood before her father's bowed head and my commanding frown, and declared she was tired of the poverty and shiftlessness of our home life, and meant to try what a little honest, hard work would do.

However, there are compensations in all the trials of this world, and it certainly is a relief to feel that there will be one less mouth to feed and body to cover through the hard winter; besides, Alexandra's country home will be a

good place for the girls to rusticate through the summer months and wear out their old clothes.

While it is true that the shadows of life are caused by its sunshine, it is equally true that the very brightest rays are dimmed by motes from the material world. I have almost climbed the hill, and still retain the superb health and vitality of my youth, with abundant faith in my destiny; but, if I am to reach this blaze of light and marry one of earth's great lords, what about Eustace Germain? His death would indeed be a dark shadow on my path. I should dread the journey down hill, rapid though it be and luxurious with all that wealth and grandeur could provide, without his everfaithful help and his patience with my giddy flights. Have those flights been blinder than I thought; and have



I wasted my life in thankless craving for what has been ever at my side? Can it be that the prediction is fulfilled, that my unappreciative husband is my lord, and that the multitude I am to govern are my children?

THE GATINEAU

BY

SIR JAMES GRANT, OTTAWA.

It is quite an interesting sight to visit the Chaudiere Junction, Gatineau Railway, Ottawa, -- on a Saturday or Sunday morning particularly: Trains packed with eager passengers, large and small, desirous of having a view of the picturesque mountain scenery of the Gatineau. Less than half a century ago Indian tribes abounded along the tributaries of this river, spending their time in fishing and hunting; the furs secured forming part of the stock of "The Hudson Bay Company." To open up and settle in a measure this rich lumber area, the Gatineau Railway was undertaken fully 15 years ago, and is now constructed to Blue Sea, a distance of fully 80 miles. On both sides of the Gatineau, for 150 miles towards the interior, large lumber operations are being conducted annually, which contribute in a great measure to make Ottawa City a center of trade and commerce.

On either side of the Gatineau Railway are several charming summer resorts en route—Chelsea, Cascades, Wakefield, Gracefield, and the Blue Sea section, one of the most attractive and picturesque in the Dominion, studded with numerous small islands, and water as clear as crystal, abounding in fish, much sought after by tourists in the season of leisure and enjoyment.

In the mountain districts of the Gatineau are situated many really beautiful lakes, varying in length from one to several miles, and as a rule abounding in speckled trout and bass. The greater portion of these lakes have been secured by various clubs from the Quebec Government, for

which a small annual rental is paid. To Canadians it is a source of great pleasure to find our much-esteemed American neighbors seeking out these summer resorts, and thus turning them to practical account.

October and November are the months for red deer and partridge shooting, and the present season bids fair to be one of the most prolific, as far as game is concerned; the protection regulations of Quebec contributing greatly towards the preservation of flesh and fowl.

The attractions of the Gatineau are such, in the line of game, that many of our public men seek an occasional holiday in that direction. Some years ago the late Hon. James Cockburn, Q. C., an ex-Speaker of the Commons, and a late member of the Canadian Cabinet, and the late Sir Alexander Galt, K. C. M. G., went on a deer hunt. The much - looked - for location was soon reached. The ex-Speaker took up a position on a high hill and the ex-Minister located in a gully some distance off, on the deer's usual pathway. A shout was given from the hill, "Look out!" at which moment the frisky animal was seen bounding along, the characteristic movement of his short tail indicating his speed, approaching nearer at every bound. The ex-Minister, growing excited, drew a flask from his pocket, to have a horn before the animal arrived. The deer, however, was too speedy, and suddenly passed out of sight. "By Jove!" exclaimed the ex-Minister, lost two horns while endeavoring to take one."

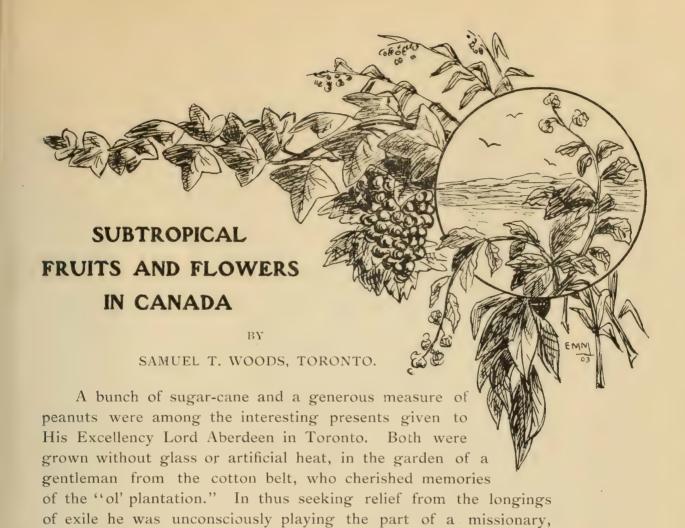
The farming land on the Gatineau is rich, owing to the large proportion of phosphates in the soil, the outcrop of the phosphate of lime mineral zone, so general throughout this section of country. Farm products are produced on most moderate terms, and all the necessary supplies are thus near at hand for intending tourists. Now that the outdoor and open-air treatment for consumption is so popular and successful, many such invalids take to these mountains during the summer season, and derive great good from the ozone of the Gatineau.

At the various stations en route there are comfortable small hotels, all well supplied with the necessaries of The Gatineau Valley Railroad (now part of the C. P. R.) is growing in importance rapidly, and the feeders of trade and commerce are expanding yearly; in fact, so much so that the Ottawa and New York Railway will shortly become a direct line from New York City to Hudson Bay, through the capital of Canada. The practical outcome of such an enterprise, through a country abounding in spruce forests for pulp manufacture, extensive mineral deposits, and fisheries of great value, is certainly worthy of consideration, and will not long be a dormant factor in the line of both Canadian and American trade and enterprise.

The city of Ottawa is supplied largely by Gatineau farmers with their products, always of the best, from the fact that great care and prudence are exercised in the farming operations invariably conducted in the most advanced methods, as indicated in the experimental farms of Canada. For this reason the reputation established by our farming community is such that the American demand for our products is greatly on the increase, much to the satisfaction of our people. Invitations are extended yearly to settlers in the surrounding country districts, and in consequence, hundreds from the Gatineau visit the experimental farm, within sight of our Parliament Buildings,

and at a time when in full bloom. Such practical lessons as to farming, in almost every department, stimulate and encourage our farmers to do likewise. This line of information crops out in our great Central Agricultural Annual Exhibition at Ottawa, which has, within the past ten years, grown immensely, indicating alike the energy, enterprise and activity of our people.

At the appearance of the first snowfall, in October, hundreds of farmers pour into our market-places decked in their attractive winter costume and smoking freely the usual weed of the country, which grows in abundance. The sound of the harness bells, and the cheery snow sledges, are quite sufficient to enliven the scene and make the ordinary passer-by wish he were the possessor of such a turnout. Some years ago when the late Lord Lisgar was Governor-General of Canada, he was returning on foot from the Parliament Buildings to his residence, Government House, New Edinburgh, accompanied by his Military Secretary, at that time Capt. Turville, afterwards Sir Francis. About three inches of fresh snow covered the ground, thus gracefully mantled. His Excellency had then come from Australia, where such wintry exhibits are not usual. you have a drive, sir?" said a farmer, passing at the time. "I thank you very much," said His Excellency, when both he and his Secretary took a place at once, standing up in the runged sledge, near the depot of the old Ottawa & Prescott Railroad. When nearing Government House, His Excellency said, "What is your name?" "Mr. McElroy." "And where do you live?" "On the Gatineau." "May I ask you, sir, where you live?" "In that big house," said His Excellency, pointing up there. Devil you do!" said the farmer. "Do you see any green in my eye? the Governor-General lives there." His Excellency and the farmer then parted, and much enjoyed the drive and the interview.



of their own climate. Sugar-cane is still a curiosity with us, but peanuts are grown quite successfully in the neighborhood of Goderich. This shows that we are gradually awakening to a knowledge of the climatic conditions under which we live. It is but a short time since a peach orchard was regarded as an impossibility in Ontario. Now the peach crop is one of the most important features of fruit production in the Niagara peninsula, while many trees are bearing successfully in and about Toronto and along the northern shore of Lake Ontario. Vineyards are among our important sources of wealth. The sunny warmth of Southern Ontario seems specially adapted for grape culture. The long trellises covered with trained vines and festooned with great bunches of tempting fruit are familiar sights along our inviting country roads. The fruit of the vine has a wide range throughout the old province of Ontario, and even in the new Northern territory the hardier varieties give abundant promise of success.

in revealing to the people of this province the splendid possibilities

Many elderly farmers are now discussing, in tones of regret, what they would have accomplished if they had only known the nature of the climate all about them. They accepted the impression spread abroad by the great fur-trading companies,



that Canada was a land of ice and snow, a region inhospitable to civilized man, with brief summers yielding scantily of vegetable This impression served the purpose of discouraging settlement and retaining the northern half of the continent as a preserve for fur-bearing animals. A land where the Buffalo could feed themselves on the abundant pastures all winter was described as a region unfit for human habitation. This unfortunate and erroneous conception was deepened by artists in search of the picturesque, who depicted as Canadian scenes men muffled in furs, tramping on snowshoes and piloting dogsleds among the partly buried trees. The men responsible for the fantastic notions regarding Canada, still prevalent in Eastern Europe, can scarcely be regarded as dishonest, even when personally interested in preserving the fur trade. They seem to have actually believed their own stories about the "land of polar frost." It was not unnatural that the early settlers in Ontario should dismiss from their minds the thought of establishing vineyards or peach orchards, and, now that they are beginning to realize the possibilities of their own climate, they regret the years of neglected opportunities.

Tobacco has long been regarded as a product of the South, but Ontario's crop has reached such proportions that a tobaccogrowing interest has made its influence felt in the Dominion Parliament, and has secured modifications of the tariff to improve its position. In Prince Edward County and many parts of the Niagara Peninsula apricots grow in abundance, and their range seems to have no climatic limit in older Ontario. Figs of local production are among the delicacies of a Niagara farm, so it is no longer metaphorical or fanciful for an aged Ontario husbandman to rest in the shadow of his own vine and fig tree.

Toronto can appreciate the feeling reference to the "sweet magnolia blossoms" in a familiar plantation song. The exile need not sigh for their beautiful colors and rich perfumes. A splendid magnolia tree on College Street is as vigorous and robust as the native maples, and its magnificent display of flowers brings admirers from all parts of the city. When the evening air is enriched with its perfume one feels in sympathy the longing of the southern exile. But with it comes the satisfying reflection that we are still in the land of the magnolia. There are several trees in the city, and since the capacity of our climate has been demonstrated, they have become quite popular. The tulip-tree is another southern importation that finds Ontario congenial. In the lawns and parks it rises above the maples and horse-chestnuts, and is stronger and more regular in outline. Its handsome flowers, most numerous near the top, are often unnoticed. Rhododendrons have taken agreeably to outdoor life, and are thriving splendidly under our clear skies. The azalea too, a near relative of the rhododendron, is also represented

among the admirers of Canadian winters. The catalpa tree is familiar everywhere and thrives excellently. Its showy white flowers spread perfume over lawns and boulevards, and as a shade-tree its large leaves and close foliage make it a popular favorite.

The eastern plane-tree has found congenial surroundings in Ontario. The buttonwood, or western plane-tree, is indigenous, and its irregular whitish trunk and branches, naked through the shedding of its outer bark, is a familiar sight in spring. But its tender eastern cousin has only lately discovered the exhilarating mildness of the Canadian climate. The locust-tree attains splendid proportions in Ontario and never seems to find the weather severe. But the possibilities of our climate may be as yet unsuspected, for a palmetto palm, in comfortable quarters near St. Catharines, has attained a height of about twenty feet.

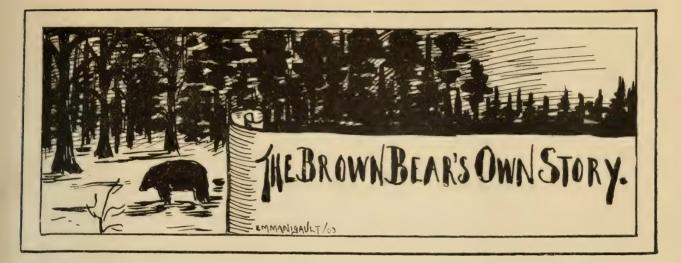
The English ivy has been able to cover only a few well-protected patches of wall, but our own vine (Ampelopsis vitchii) is rich and abundant everywhere. Its deciduous habit is an advantage, as it does not hold moisture about the covered walls in winter. The large flowering clematis grows in the open air without protection, and even the most tender varieties of the Coleus grow and thrive under our warm sun.

All the hybrid roses seem strengthened and enriched by our bracing winter, and many of the tree roses remain in the open air throughout the year. Several varieties known to be tender, the Glorie de Dijon, the Nephetos and the Souvenir de Malmaison, do not mind the winter in the least, but yield their rich treasures with every returning season of growth. Hyacinth and tulip bulbs are left in the ground all winter for an early start in the spring. That big Japanese lily we all admire, the auratum, comes forth in the spring after comfortably hibernating through our mild frosts. Other distinguished members of the lily family, including the longiflorum, the speciosum and the rubrum, remain in the ground without protection.

On every hand the opening blossoms reflect and intensify the glories of a clear sky. The French cannas and gladioli, set out in early spring, display a richness of tint and a profusion of floral adornment that the misty atmosphere of more even climates cannot approach. And under glass, the bright sun, through a clear blue sky, works wonders. Visitors from less-favored countries are amazed at the profusion of flowers on the roses, carnations and geraniums in the greenhouses at midwinter. Growth is never suspended. Kick aside the snow in January and the wintergreen will be found with rich glossy leaves and ripening berries. The twinflowers, the partridgeberry, the hepatica, the shinleaf, the trailing arbutus-all can be discovered growing vigorously and impatient for the removal of the white covering. The vigor and warmth of the sun, the beautiful clearness of the blue sky, the perennial transparency of the crystal atmosphere, the brief dullness of the passing shower—all combine to vivify the spirit of growth in a climate congenial to the delicate vegetation of the south and the hardy life of the temperate zone.







REPORTED BY MAX JESOLEY.

He was a splendid big fellow, the pet and pride of the whole collection of wild animals at Riverdale Park, and by liberal gifts of candy and fruit I had won my way to his heart. That is, he always seemed glad when I approached his cage, and sorry when I went away.

But it was not until our acquaintance had continued for some time that I thought of getting him to tell me his story. One dull morning the Park was deserted; I had the animals all to myself, and, seizing the opportunity, I begged the Brown Bear to "relate his experience," so to speak.

He seemed a little shy at first, but presently sat down close to the bars, and, fixing his bright, beady eyes upon my face, gave me his history somewhat after the following fashion:

"It was all my own fault, to be sure. I should have known better; but I am blessed with perhaps a little more than a proper share of curiosity, and when I saw the strange-looking thing standing amongst the trees I was bound to examine it.

"Very cautious at first, I grew bolder as I found that there was nothing alive about the affair, and having peered and sniffed all around the outside, I must needs have a peep at the inside also. That, of course, was where I made my big mistake. Little by little I pushed myself in, and, finding nothing of interest, was about to come out again, when—crack!—down fell a stout door, closing the entrance, and I was a prisoner!

"Oh! how furious I was; and how hard I tried to get free again! But it was quite useless. The trap had been too well built to yield to my frantic efforts, and the next morning the man who made it came to see what it had caught.

"He carried a gun and an axe, so that it was well for me I felt too much afraid to even snarl at him. Except that he chained me up in a dark corner of his barn, he treated me well enough, giving me plenty of food, and I was beginning to feel quite friendly towards him when he put me in a big box and sent me to the city.

"The next month I spent in the crowded, noisy, bad-smelling quarters of a dealer in wild animals, becoming so sick of them that I was very glad when a dark-skinned man, with wild eyes, and a great deal of black, bushy hair, bought me and took me away.

"I soon wished myself back again, however, for my new master at once set about training me to do a lot of things that no self-respecting bear should ever have been asked to do, such as dancing on my hind legs, turning heels-over-head, and playing soldier, with a big stick for a gun.

"I hated the whole business, and made no bones about showing how I felt, but my master had no mercy on me, beating me cruelly with the big stick, and starving me until I was so weak that I could scarcely stand up. Indeed, I soon found out that the only way I could get my food was by doing what he wanted.

"When he thought I knew enough, he took me out in the road to earn his living for him by going through my foolish performances to the tune of his tiresome 'Tum, tum, rum, tum de ay, rum de ay, tum tum,' which sometimes nearly drove me crazy, and if it were not for the brute of a muzzle I always wore, I'm sure I'd have bitten him often.

"Well, for years we travelled up and down the country, now getting quite a lot of money, and then for a while little or none. When the money came in freely, Giorgio, my master, treated me well, but when the silver coins grew scarce, he vented his disappointment on me, just as if it was my fault. He used to get drunk occasionally, too, and beat me with the staff, although I had done nothing to deserve such cruel usage.

"During these weary journeys to and fro I learned to be fond of children, because they always showed me pity and kindness, and I often wished that I could get away from Giorgio and go to some place where only children lived, so that I might always be their playmate. I would not mind dancing, and turning heelsover-head and playing soldier to please them, since they were so good to me.

"So it went on, until one fall there came a welcome change in a very unexpected way. Giorgio and I had been all day at a country fair, and I was completely tired out, for he had kept me hard at work nearly the whole time, dancing and tumbling over and playing soldier, to the delight of the crowd, but to the disgust of myself.

"Late in the afternoon the fair broke up, and Giorgio, instead of remaining in the neighborhood for the night, as I quite counted upon him doing, must needs go on to another village, several miles distant.

"I objected as best I could, but all to no purpose, and we trudged along the dusty road until I got so done up that I could scarcely take another step.

"At last we reached the village, and Giorgio steered straight for the public-house, in front of which he fastened me by my chain to a hitching-post, and then hurried in, leaving me hungry, thirsty and weary, while he drank and feasted at his ease.

"The longer I waited there in the cold and darkness the more angry I got, until finally, becoming furious, I

tugged so violently on my chain that the muzzle gave way, slipped off my head, and I was free!

"My first impulse was to go into the public-house after Giorgio, to remind him of his duty towards me. Then I noticed a light shining from the window of a cottage just across the street, and through the partly open door came the sound of children playing merrily.

"'Ah, ha!' I said to myself, 'that's where I'll go; the children are always good to me. They'll give me something to eat, and plenty of water to drink!'

"So I slipped quietly across the street, and, pushing the door open, looked into the room. It was brightly lit by a lamp as well as by the fire on the hearth, and, having a jolly time amongst themselves, were three children: a fine, sturdy boy of eight, and his pretty little sisters, aged about six and four.

"They looked so happy that I felt sure I was quite safe with them, and had got all the way into the room before they noticed me.

"At once the little girls shrieked with terror, and huddled together in the farthest corner, but the boy, although his pale cheeks showed that he was frightened too, snatched up the iron poker, and, planting himself in front of me, shouted manfully:

"Go away, or I'll smash your head!"

"I saw at once how matters were, and being anxious to make it clear that I meant no harm, I stood up and began to dance, keeping as far from the children as possible.

"In an instant the boy had forgotten his fear.

"'Why, it's only the big bear we saw last summer!" he exclaimed in a tone of joyful relief. "He won't hurt us. He's just come to play with us. Don't be frightened, girls." And to show that he was no longer afraid, he came towards me, holding out his hand.

"I promptly put out my paw, as I had been trained to do, and the boy shook it cordially, saying:

"Good old chap! You won't do us any harm, will you?"

"When the little girls saw this they began to pluck up courage, and, coming out of their corner, crept timidly towards me, their eyes full of wonder.

"You needn't be a bit afraid' the boy assured them, with a fine air of patronizing protection. 'He'll just do anything he's told. See now,' and handing me the poker, he bid me play soldier.

"It was not so easy to manage the slender bar of iron in my clumsy paws as the stout staff to which I was used, but I did my best, being anxious to please the children, and they laughed heartily at my awkward drill.

"Twice I let the poker fall, and the boy at once picked it up for me.

"So we were having a merry time, and I was hoping every minute that the boy would ask me if I didn't want something to eat, when a piercing shriek startled us all, and at the door appeared the children's mother, her face white with terror and eyes starting from their sockets.

"'Run to me, children!' she cried, opening her arms and taking a step forward.

- "The little girls obeyed at once, but the boy only laughed gaily as he answered:
- "'Why, mother, there's nothing to be scared about. This is a nice, kind bear, and he's been playing with us most ever since you went out."

"This did not calm the mother's fears, however, and she commanded the boy to come to her, which he did reluctantly, and when she had them together she hurried them out of the door, leaving it wide open, so that I could see all that followed.

"Once safely in the street, she sent up cries for help, which quickly brought the neighbors rushing out of their doors. When they asked her what was the matter, she could not at first get out a word, she was in such a flutter, and the boy—fine little fellow that he was—anxious lest his big playmate should be set upon, and perhaps killed, cried:

"' Mother's scared of the bear. But he won't hurt anybody. He's a good, kind bear. We've just been playing with him.'

"At the mention of the word 'bear' the other women began to scream, and some of the men ran for their guns, with which they presently returned.

"When I saw this, I dodged back into the house, as I had no liking for bullets, but the men came with their guns to the door, and would, no doubt, have fired at me without giving me a chance to explain, had not my master appeared in the nick of time, waving his arms and bellowing:

"' My bear! My good bear! Do not kill him! He is mine!"

"When Giorgio left me out in the cold and darkness, while he feasted and drank in the public-house, I thought I should never want to set eyes upon him again. But oh!—how glad I was to see him now.

"The men lowered their guns and let him pass, and he rushed up to me, saying in a kinder tone than I had ever heard him use before: 'My poor Bruno. Come. I will not let them shoot you. Come with me.'

"And, seizing one of my ears, he dragged me out into the street.

"The crowd quickly made way for him as he led me to the post where I had left my chain, and he soon had the heavy muzzle fastened on my head.

"It was some time before the people quieted down again. They made a great deal of the boy, who certainly had been very brave, and they brought me so much food that, for once at least, I had more than I could eat, so I thought the affair had ended very well for all concerned.

"But that was not quite the end of it, or I wouldn't be here now. It seemed that among the guests at the little hotel was a gentleman who was then Mayor of this City, and he had been very much amused and interested by the rumpus. Next morning he came to look at me, and got Giorgio to put me through my programme, which, being in good humor, I performed to the best of my ability.

"He was evidently well pleased, and afterwards had a long talk with Giorgio, the upshot of which was that he paid him a good price for me, and then presented me to this Park, and here I've been ever since."

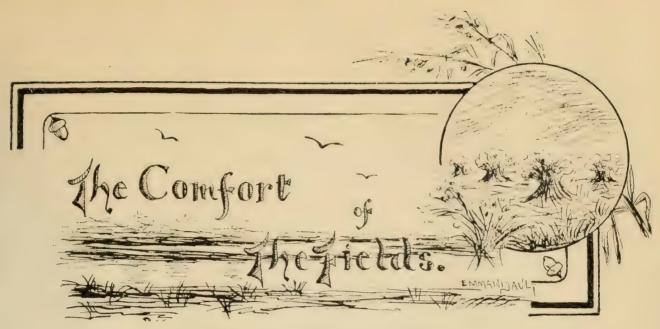
Having thus finished his story, Bruno opened his mouth and put out his tongue in a way that said, plainly, "Now then, the caramels, you know."

I had them ready, and he ate them with keen relish.

When they were all gone, I asked him one more question.

"Are you quite contented here?"

He looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then replied with a kind of a yawn: "Oh, yes. It's not just like being in the woods. But," and his small, sharp eyes shone cunningly, "there are no caramels out there."



BY THE LATE ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

What would'st thou have for easement after grief,

When the rude world hath used thee with despite,

And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and
drain

The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the way with wilful feet
Through fielded valleys wide with yellowing
wheat.

Along gray roads that run between deep woods Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes of pine,

And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine
In bowldered crannies, buried in the hills;
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine,
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and sweet With the keen perfume of the ripening grass, Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass, Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite; To haunt old fences overgrown with brier, Muffled in vines and hawthorns and wild cherries,

Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched alder-berries,
And wild blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein towering into yellow bloom,
Pink tasseled milkweed breathing dense perfume,

And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To feast on summer sounds: the jolted wains,
The thresher humming from the farm nearby,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far-off hayfields, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the lessening squares
of hay,

And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low, With drowsy cadence, half a summer's day, The clatter of the reapers come and go.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh at morn;
To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'erborne
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of waters; far away
Across wild-reeded meres, pensive with noon,
To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day
On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by;
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows the
jay

Pierce the bright morning with its jibing cry.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool, fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes, and foreheads pinched and
wan,

Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine;
Drink and be filled, and ye shall understand.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WORK IN CANADA

BY

ANNIE S. HARRIS

Dominion President of the Young Women's Christian Associations.

HE Young Women's Christian Association stands for the all-round development of young women. The first and last word to warrant the organization is found in that fundamental command of God's: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." In the colleges the Association stands for the religious life of these institutions, and through its Bible Study and Missionary Departments presents the foundation for a strong, practical, Christian living, and the objective of a large service for Christ in the world.

The City Association work is, of necessity, of large scope, as it represents all young women. From its foundation in 1855, by Lady Kinnaird, in London, England, to its present stage of development, where it comprises one million young women throughout the world, it has remained true to the aim upon which it was founded, namely, the physical, intellectual and spiritual development of young women.

That there is a supreme necessity for such an organization, the fact that within the past twenty or twenty-five years a revolution has taken place in the industrial and educational world, speaks for itself. Whatever may be said as to the propriety or necessity of women in public life, the facts remain and have to be grappled with. An outside social life, pure in its tone and wholesome in its atmosphere, must be provided for those who, in leaving their own homes to earn their daily bread in the large cities, are practically deprived of any true social life. The mammon of unrighteousness has made far better use, for its own purposes, of the social instinct of men and women than the Church of Christ has ever done. The Young Women's Christian Association stands for a genuine and pure social atmosphere for the young women of our large towns and cities. Because the physical life of woman means the physical life of the race, the importance of physical development is one of tremendous importance.

In the strenuous life of to-day, the woman of business must continue to improve herself along intellectual lines. The competition in all departments of life is too keen to permit anyone to fall behind in the race. Association Classes, in all necessary branches, provide such a young woman an opportunity of making the most of her talents, to increase her market value, as well as to stimulate an inner sufficiency which gives poise and stability to character.

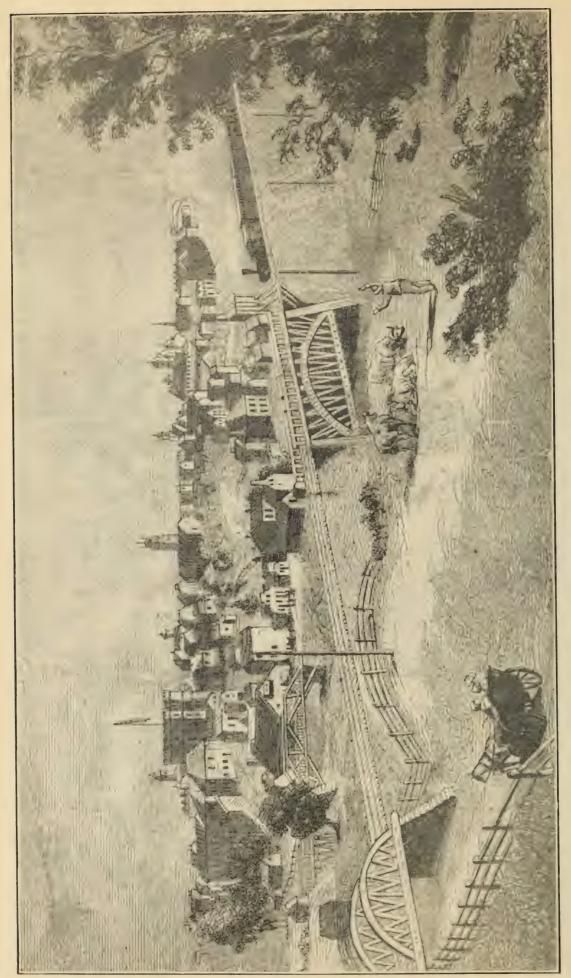
In Association work the methods are many; the ultimate result aimed at is one, namely, to establish a Christian womanhood. "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Upon no other foundation can society, so largely moulded by the character of its women, with solidarity establish itself than by that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation.

For the past seven years the Associations throughout the world, now numbering nearly 7,000, have been united under a World's Committee, whose headquarters are in London, England. The work in non-Christian lands, conspicuously in India, Africa and China, is under the direct supervision of this World's Committee, while self-sufficient national organizations are united by affiliation, and assist in the broader work.

The Canadian national work, as such, dates back to 1894, when, in order to have a better supervision of the peculiar needs of the widely-scattered constituency, an amicable arrangement was made to withdraw from what had formerly been an international organization. The national center is known as the Dominion Council, with head-quarters in Toronto, where the President and Executive Committee reside. The past three years have seen many advance steps taken in bringing Associations nearer each other, mainly through the agency of traveling secretaries for the college and city departments.

Throughout Canada there are at present twenty-three College and fourteen City Associations, representing over five thousand young women. The work throughout the land is emerging from a formative into a well-organized stage, and it is believed that the Young Women's Christian Associations of Canada will be in the future, as some have been in the past, an increasingly large influence in moulding the lives of this country's young women.





VIEW OF LONDON, CANADA, 1854.

The original of this cut was painted by Mr. Cyremus Hall and hung in the first Provincial Exhibition held in London, C. W., in 1854.

The Oil Painting was purchased for thirty-five pounds by an agent of the "Illustrated London News," who was sent out to report on the doings of a rather funny little London in the forest, and used to illustrate his account of the Exhibition. The ladies in the carriage are the daughters of the late Col. Askin, and the vehicle was well known in its day. The cut from which this etching is copied was lent by Mrs. William Hall, of Headingly.

Manitoba, sister-in-law of the artist and daughter of London's well-known pioneer, Mr. Freeman Talbot.

A FOREST SETTLEMENT

BY

DR. CL. T. CAMPBELL, LONDON

For many years London (Ont.) has been called the "Forest City," not from the tall, wide-spreading trees that now line its broad avenues, but because in its early days it was literally a town set in a forest. From the intersection of any of its principal streets to whatever point of the compass the eye would turn, the vista was closed by a dense bank of woods.

Many cities on this continent have sprung up almost by accident, with a mill for the nucleus, or the country store, or the ferry-landing, or the railroad section-house; but London was located by design. Gov. Simcoe, having ever before him the prospect of another war with the United States. sought a site for the capital of the province which should be conveniently situated for defensive as well as offensive operations. And midway between Niagara and Detroit, at the forks of La Tranche, he found an ideal spot. But he never founded his capital. He insisted on the forks of the Thamesthe La Tranche of the French trapper -as the proper location; but his superior officer, the Governor-General, preferred York, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and York (Toronto) it had to be. The reservation for the site of London which Simcoe planned remained unoccupied for years; until, to meet

the needs of the growing West, the Legislature of Upper Canada, in January, 1826, ordered a survey, and provided for the building of a courthouse and the holding of Her Majesty's courts for the district. And thus London was founded, in so far as Acts of Parliament could do it.

The town began to grow, even faster than the courthouse. Scotland, as usual, was at the front. The first arrival was a canny Scotch tailor, who came in from the neighborhood of Byron, and erected a little shanty near the corner of King and Talbot Streets, to serve the purposes of a hotel, though the accommodation was limited, and consisted at first of little more than a bottle of whisky on the stump of a tree near the front door.

This is not the place to give a history of London, or of its pioneers. To both only incidental references may be made as we take a brief glance at the conditions of life in London when it was a forest-surrounded town, in the first and second decades of its history. Its growth, if not at first very rapid, was satisfactory. Mrs. Jameson, who spent a day or two here in 1837, describes it as a prosperous town, with 200 houses and 1,300 inhabitants. It had five churches, three or four schools, and seven tayerns. The licensed tay-

erns, however, did not limit the supply of liquid refreshments. There were a number of little groceries, where a thirsty man could buy a few nuts or cakes and have a drink of whisky thrown in free of charge. Our visitor expresses the fear that there was "a good deal of drunkenness and profligacy." Of the latter there is no evidence; but the drunkenness we may admit. Whisky was cheap; total abstinence sentiment was at a discount; social customs endorsed drinking and winked at intoxication. If Mrs. Jameson was correctly informed that a certain magistrate was picked up in the street "dead drunk," he was no worse than those old-time statesmen of England and the United States, who thought nothing of finishing up an evening's banquet by sleeping on the dining-room floor.

She probably sized up the situation as nearly correct as a transient visitor could, in saying that the people had "neither education nor amusements." They were largely artisans, and their standard of education was low, compared with ours, but just as good as that of their contemporaries in other towns. As for amusements, a dance at a neighbor's and a tea-meeting at a church were the limits within which they were confined. It was not until London became a garrison town, in 1838, and the military introduced sports, balls, and theatricals, that social life took on a broader scope, and its pleasures became more varied. Of course, that had no effect in reducing the consumption of strong liquor; for neither officers nor men of Her Majesty's service, in those days, were noted for their abstemiousness. But though drinking facilities increased, the antidote appeared in due time. In 1848, with a population of 4,668, the town had thirty-three taverns licensed to sell liquor, to say nothing of unnumbered groggeries that dispensed the article without license. The evils of intemperance became apparent to all; and good citizens, realizing that only the most radical measures would be of any avail, took the pledge of total abstinence, and started the propaganda which has so greatly modified the customs of social life. Simeon Morrill, the first tanner in London, and its first mayor, in 1848; Wm. Rowland, a merchant; Rev. Robt. Boyd, a Baptist minister; Rev. W. F. Clarke, a Congregationalist, with others, both of the clergy and laity, organized total abstinence societies, preached and lectured on temperance, agitated for license restrictions, and struggled hard, as the pioneers of social reforms always have to struggle. And their labors bore fruit. To-day there are fewer places in London selling liquor than there were when we had one-tenth of our present population; and drunkenness has ceased to be the fashionable folly it was in the olden time.

But the lack of education was not one of the causes of drunkenness, though Mrs. Jameson connects the two conditions; for educated people got drunk, a century ago, just as well as the uneducated. It is true that the majority of the people in London in the first decades had themselves seen little of schools; but they were not unmindful of the needs of the children. Three or four schools in a village of 1,300 people does not look so very bad. Unfortunately, the pedagogues of the day

were none of the best. It was not till 1848 that a Board of Education was established. The Municipality owned no schoolhouses; so rooms were rented, and four teachers appointed one of them, Mr. Nicholas Wilson, still continuing in the service of the Board, at present a competent member of the Collegiate staff. Up to this date, schools were private enterprises; and many of them were conducted by very amateurish professors, ill-fitted for their work. But, if it were true that with many of them the best evidence of their being able to teach was the fact that they were able to do nothing else, they were no worse than some of their contemporaries in older countries. Peter VanEvery, the first jailor, was allowed to use a portion of the temporary court for school purposes; and here, in 1827, the educational system of London had its crude beginnings. Others started private schools in their own houses, or in rented rooms; and for twenty years the system was very unsystematic, and the work done of varying degrees of imperfection.

One of the old schoolboys has described to me the pedagogic performances of an Irishman named Taylor, who undertook to teach the young idea how to shoot, in a little building on the north side of Horton St., west of Richmond. The schoolroom was an addition to the house proper, and served the double purpose of an academy and a kitchen. Taylor attended to his duties in what he may have considered full dress-for he always wore his hat in school—and alternated instruction in the three "R's" with the care of the cooking-stove, with one hand holding the tawse and with the

other manipulating the frying-pan. The boys relieved the tedium of study by putting corked bottles of water on the stove, shying the most convenient missiles at the teacher's hat, sticking bent pins in his chair, and indulging in the time-honored practices of studious youths of all ages. Then the teacher would pursue the boys with a gad and thrash them impartially.

The best school of the time was probably that of Miss Stinson - a cultured lady, the daughter of one of the local physicians—who, assisted by her niece, Miss Granniss, taught first in a log house of one room, in which one desk, two or three low forms, and a chair for the teacher, constituted all the furniture; and where the educational apparatus was confined to a few books and slates. Subsequently, Miss Stinson kept school in a house on the corner of Talbot and Carling Streets. It is said that she occasionally punished the bad boys by putting them in the cellar, where they consoled themselves by stealing and eating the teacher's preserves.

Imperfect as were the academic institutions of those days, however, they served as a commencement, and in course of time developed into the complete system of to-day. All things developed. The store counter was at first made of rough boards stretched across some barrels. The merchants were largely men who started their mercantile career by carrying a pack and selling goods on the doorsteps of their backwoods customers. O'Brien, the warm-hearted Irishman. a shrewd business man, ready for a lark night or day, yet upright and honest, and a good churchman, in

whose home the Catholic clergy often ministered to their adherents when they had no building in which to meet: Goodhue, a cool, calculating New Englander, who thought more of business than of fun; John Jennings, Pat. Mc-Manus, Lawrence Lawrason, Moore, Matheson, Smith, were the forerunners of a long list of successful tradesmen. Their stores were of the class we now call "departmental," for they sold everything that was salable, though the quantity of stock in each department might be limited. The dry goods side of the first store could have been carried in a wheelbarrow, and the grocery department packed in a push-cart. Whisky, pork, flour and beans were the principal edibles; while tin pots, frying-pans, bake-kettles and nails were prominent features of the hardware section.

The stores grew in size, and mercantile operations were more widely extended; and yet for many years the trade was one of barter as well as of sale, as it had been at first. Produce was taken in exchange for goods, for money was not always available. I am told, that in Dennis O'Brien's store a bushel of wheat was the charge for a pound of coffee or a yard of calico. The arrival of the military, and the expenditure of about \$250,000 on the barracks, helped to bring business up to the dignity of cash transactions.

The professions were early represented in London. Being the judicial seat of the district, lawyers were the first to appear. John Tenbroeck was the first; then H. C. R. Becher, Fred. Clevesly, John Wilson, W. Horton, J. B. Strathy, hung out their shingles and dispensed law to the contentious London.

doners. They were gay boys, most of them, if reports be true, and many a practical joke was concocted by the young legal lights, and perpetrated on the public or upon each other. But they did not neglect business, for serious cases came before the early courts, and many tragedies as well as comedies were played out on the boards of the old courthouse.

Dr. Archibald Chisholm was the first physician; but of him there is little known, save that he died in 1830. epidemic of cholera broke out in 1832-3, and called for both labor and sacrifice from the local physicians. Dr. Geo. Moore settled here that year; and also Dr. Donnelly. The latter was himself attacked by the cholera, and died in a few months after his arrival. Dr. Elam Stimson, a New Hampshire physician, one of the old school of doctors-cultured in mind, severe in manner in public, but charming in private life—lost a wife and child from the dread disease, and, prostrated with work and grief, left the village and settled in St. George. Dr. Hiram D. Lee, who was appointed Government Medical Officer for London at this time. had the chief burden of care for the cholera patients on his shoulders. passed through the trial unscathed; but fourteen years later, while filling the office of chief magistrate of the village (president of the police board), fell a victim to his work. An outbreak of ship-fever accompanied the arrival of a number of immigrants, and in attendance upon them he was attacked by the disease and died after a few days' illness. A hard life had these pioneer doctors-long and wearisome rides through the woods and over the rivers, across hills and valleys, where roads and bridges had not been constructed; sleepless nights and toilsome days, fighting grim death with meagre appliances and imperfect weapons, contending with most unsanitary conditions and adverse circumstances—yet ever cheerful and resolute, freely surrendering comfort and too often giving up life itself as they struggled to save the lives of others. There were many William MacClures in the olden days.

The only recognized clergy at that time were those of the Anglican and Catholic churches, but they were widely scattered, with very extensive parishes. Rev. Mr. McIntosh, of Kettle Creek, held the first services in a private house in London, in 1827; and Rev. E. J. Boswell took charge of the new settlement in 1829. Mr. Cronyn became the resident minister in 1832, and spent a busy life in attending to the wants of a large parish. The ministers of the dissenting bodies, as they were called, had no privileges. They were not recognized as clergymen by the law, and could not marry people. A Methodist minister by the name of Ryan, it was said, was committed to prison for the offense of uniting two of his parishioners in marriage. But they all showed the true missionary spirit—traveling over the country, holding services in farmhouses, getting board and lodging from their friends wherever they found friends, and working for a living at whatever trade or calling they pos-Whether recognized clergysessed. men or dissenting preachers, all had a similar life and carried on their work

with plenty of zeal and with the minimum of comfort.

To turn to matters more secular: London has the reputation of being a very hot town, where the political pot often boils furiously and slops over, to the discomfort of those nearby. that be true, it is only an inherited condition. We could always get up a political Donnybrook in the Forest City, in municipal as well as in national affairs. The first Council of London held its meetings in a little house on the corner of Talbot and Fullarton Streets, and the records and traditions show that there were lively times then. On one occasion a disorderly councilman was thrown out bodily by his associates, and returned the courtesies received by firing abuse through the door and stones through the window. On another occasion the Board had a little altercation, as a result of which the members proceeded to try one of their number for "abusive, blasphemous and blackguard language." He was found guilty, ordered to be reprimanded, and required to apologize. There is no record of any apology, and, from my recollection of the gentleman, I am of the opinion that he never made any.

Even after the municipal organization was so far developed that we had reached the dignity of a mayor and aldermen, discussions were carried on with vigor. If the mayor was not satisfied with the proceedings, he would dissolve the council and leave the room; whereupon the aldermen would put one of their number in the chair, solemnly censure the mayor, and proceed with business. And next meeting his worship would get back at them

by refusing to sign the minutes. the occasion of the visit of Lord Elgin, in 1849, there was considerable rioting in the town, which the mayor, Mr. Dickson, evidently encouraged. Council, having a slight majority in favor of the Governor, proposed to investigate the conduct of the Mayor. Of course, His Worship refused to put the motion, and declared the Council adjourned. The Council declined to adjourn, and proceeded to investigate. However, nothing seems to have come of it; and at the close of the year, under the benign influence of the Christmas season, the Council, which had been fighting the Mayor all the year, passed a resolution, almost unanimously, thanking him for his "straightforward and manly conduct."

The first time London sent a member to the Legislature as a distinct constituency, there was a pretty warm contest, though the vote cast would seem to indicate that there had been something like a tempest in a teapot. Mr. Mahlon Burwell received 37 votes; Mr. John Scatcherd 27. That was a small vote, but it did not represent the adult population of the village. It was necessary for a man to be a free-holder in order to vote, and many people who had taken up lots had not received their deeds from the Crown.

At political meetings, arguments were not confined to words, but clubs and stones were freely used. The Tories would attack a Reform meeting and scatter their opponents; the latter would gather in renewed force and break up the next Tory meeting. As the Tories of those days were usually in favor with the authorities, they had some advantages. On one occasion,

it is said, a number of Reform voters were arrested on some trumped-up charge and put in jail. After the election was over, the prisoners were, of course, discharged—too late to vote.

A small village was London in its infancy, with the most of the buildings clustered around the Courthouse. but extending eastward more rapidly than in any other direction. At night, such citizens as business or pleasure called from their homes, found their way over the unpaved streets with the aid of a friendly lantern, the provisions for lighting being of the most primitive character, and consisting entirely of the candles dimly showing through the windows of those householders who did not go to bed early, and the brighter rays of the lamp at the tavern door.

The "Waterworks," at first, was limited to a pump on the market square, though the jail was supplied from a small reservoir, fed by the springs that, up to a few years ago, gave our Aldermen so much trouble in keeping the east end of Dundas Street properly paved. Afterwards, tanks were constructed at convenient crossroads to collect a supply of the needful article, from which the amateur firemen would fill the leathern buckets they passed from hand to hand. buildings being nearly all of wood, great care had to be taken to prevent fires; and laws were passed requiring every householder to have a leather bucket, with his name on it, hung in a convenient place; holding him responsible if his chimney took fire; forbidding him to stick a stovepipe through the roof or wall of his house; and fining him if he carried fire through

the streets. Literally, the last law would not have permitted him to light his uncertain steps homeward at night with a tallow dip in a tin lantern.

But, if the town was small, and lacking in all the conveniences of modern civilization — asphalt pavements, cement sidewalks, electric lights, waterworks, fire brigades and police departments—the people did not differ much in character from their descendants of 1903. With plenty of energy to do the work that fell to their hands—with cheerful hearts to enjoy all the available pleasures of life; ready to work or play as occasion required; capable of rising to the greatest height of self-sacrifice in the service of their country, or the relief of their

suffering neighbors; prompt to seize an opportunity for a trade, for a row, or a "spree"; yet freely taxing themselves to support a school, or contributing of their means to sustain a church - rough diamonds were they, only requiring a little of the polishing that comes with the growth of a community from village to town, from town to city. With all our advantages, as we try to picture the freedom and simplicity, as well as the crudeness, of pioneer life, we can realize that those days of small things are not to be despised; and that the beginning of a municipality has as full a proportion of the beautiful and the admirable as the later period of its riper development.

CALENDAR OF THE CITY OF LONDON

		Population
Governor Simcoe's visit March 2nd,	1792	*
First house built	1826	
London surveyed	1826	
Courthouse built	1827	133
Created a municipality	1838	
Incorporated as a village	1840	2,000
The great fire	1845	3,500
The first hospital built	1847	
Incorporated as a town	1848	4,668
Public Schools established	1848	
Decennial census	1852	7,035
First railway train	1853	
Incorporated as a city	1854	10,060
Lighted with gas	1854	
Visit of the Prince of Wales	1860	II,200
Decennial census	1861	11,555
Decennial census	1871	15,826
Waterworks established	1877	19,100
Wreck of the Victoria May 24th,	1881	19,725
London East annexed	1885	26,254
London South annexed	1890	30,075
Decennial census	1891	31,977
London West annexed	1898	38,224
Christmas	1903	40,104

THE DREAM-SEEKERS.

By Arthur Stringer

In round life's island of the Known
Far whispers steal and strange tides fret;
About us dark the old Sea glooms,
And we, my soul, forget.

Yet on this wind-swept coast of ours,
Come seek for wreck and spar,
Since day and night the driftwood dreams
Float in from reef and bar.

We two shall house us warm, my soul,
And hear round opiate fires
The thundering of those outer Seas
That shroud too fond desires.

Warm shall we house--these wavering lights
That look like drowning hands
Are but the flames from mast and spar
Found bleaching on our sands.

And for these spindrift dreams, they say,
Full many a soul must drown;
And for such little flotsam fires
Youth's goodliest ships go down!

Yet life, these swart men cry to me, -Yes, oft, starved soul of mine-Such life is good, and good the gloom,
The black Deep, and the Brine!

The COUNTRY CHURCH

C. KARL

Among the forces which have helped to form the Canadian character is one which has not been given its due place in the thought of many—the country Church. It is recognized how large a place the Church and Priest hold in Roman. Catholic sections, but in Protestant communities, also, the Church exerts an influence on the

people of the neighborhood in many ways a side from those which may be called distinctively religious or spiritual.

In the cities the buildings erected for public worship, stately



and comfortable as they are, do not begin to touch the life of the people with the power held by the little country church. If one is to get a glimpse of how much it means in the

social life, nothing more is needed than to wait and watch some fine spring morning or afternoon, a little before the hour of the weekly service. There it stands—often unlovely in itself and with little of charm in its location—the plain wooden or brick edifice, with no pretension to architectural beauty and little regard to the physical comfort of the worshippers—an oblong or square structure, flanked by sheds for the accommodation of horses and vehicles, as almost all who attend are compelled to drive. Within its walls are to be seen the straight-backed pews; the huge box stove, red with rust of many seasons' gathering; the long stretches of stovepipes, with little pans hung underneath to catch the black liquid which oozes out between the joints. The desk, dignified with the name of pulpit, stands on a little red-carpeted platform, while behind the straight-backed, plush-covered chair, reserved for the clergyman, is an alcove to accommodate the choir and the reed organ, which,

notwithstanding all the battles waged against its use, has found its way into the church buildings of even the straitest sects. As far as æsthetic taste is concerned, all that man's hand has prepared is sadly hideous. But outside the sky is blue, the grass beautiful with all the freshness of spring, and the air touches one's cheek with the tenderness of one of God's own angels.

See the congregation gather now! They come in handsome single buggies or family democrats, for the days of the lumberwagon for Sabbath use are nearly over. And the worshippers are dressed in their best. The women in plain wincey gowns, and the men in their shirt-sleeves, are of a past age; and the "best clothes" to be here seen would not disgrace their wearers in any gathering. And this half-hour or more before the time of service is the finest social opportunity of the week. luxuriating in rare leisure, discuss implements and crops and politics; now and again the conversation drifts to some more solemn theme. The women compare notes on household affairs and the looks and growth of their respective children. The young men congregate by themselves, and, now shyly and again boldly, in some of the many ways in which such approaches are possible, seek to commend themselves to the fair maidens, who are quite conscious of their own attractions. All the good and evil which blossom where men and women meet together are found here; and it is because it affords, better than aught else, such free opportunity of social intercourse, that the country Church is so potent a force in the life of the nation.

In the public entertainments which are held in connection with the Church, and where the programme is largely provided by their own young people, there is opportunity for the development of latent talent; while those of the congregation who take part in the government of it, or are called to represent it in synod, or presbytery, or conference, find an education in parliamentary procedure which often proves of inestimable value. The young people's societies and debating clubs are all schools for the development of the rising generation, and not a few of our most prominent citizens owe a large debt for their facility in public utterance to the little country Church.

As for entertainment, what can vie with the annual congregational supper? There are some congregations which are becoming too advanced for "fowl suppers," as they are called, and great is the pity that it is so. All day long the women toil. The old lady of long experience is there, who is called on to judge when some momentous question as to the disposal of viands or the arrangement of tables cries out for settlement; and the sonsy farmers' wives, to

whom this is the best holiday of the year; while the young girls never grow tired, upheld by gleeful anticipations of the evening's pleasure. At last the feast is ready: The room crowded with tables, and each table "groaning"—nay, that is not the word, it fairly sings—with plenty: Turkeys and chickens, geese and ducks, hams and roast meats, huge platters of sandwiches, cakes innumerable, pies white and yellow and brown, the very sight enough to give a fit of indigestion to a Brobdingnagian. But the folk who gather round them later have no fears. Appetites gained in the field-work are wonderfully elastic, and so, for from two to three hours, the chairs are filled and emptied and filled again, until even the last small boy is satisfied.

Then comes the "literary programme" of song and speech and The black-coated regiment of ministers occupy the platform, and vie with each other as to who shall tell the drollest story, or administer the cleverest repartee. They seem to have forgotten their Sunday faces, while Mary Jane and Amanda, in all the splendor of new frocks, recite and sing, very conscious of the greatness of the occasion and of the charm of public admiration. At last the clock hands have drawn near to midnight. Votes of thanks are passed to all and sundry, it being declared that the present occasion has outclassed all its predecessors, and the crowd slowly disperses. Here a family group packed in a lumber sleigh, the babies asleep, and the mother anxiously assuring herself they are all there. The single cutters soon separate themselves from the rest, and glide along the country roads slowly, for this is the best hour of all, when tender words are spoken, and sweet confessions made.

The "blasé" city folk may sneer at such simple joys, but it is doubtful whether the entertainments in theatre and opera house, provided at great expense, give as much real joy to those who see and hear as the annual church supper gives to those who participate. Among all the various organizations which have helped to educate and develop the people of Canada, the little country Church stands second to none, and while it holds its place and power, we have reason to believe that the people of our land will not fall behind in reverence, in social happiness, and in strength of character.



SUMMER PRANKS ON CANADIAN SANDS

THE 'FRISCO OF CANADA

BY
CY WARMAN

HAT great white sea-gull, the Empress of China, had just arrived at Vancouver from the Orient. Empty sleepers and drawing-room cars had been dead-headed across the continent, three thousand miles, to carry her passengers east. The people from the big liner were dressed for dinner; they were dining when we arrived.

A stringed orchestra, hid away off somewhere in the palms and shrubs that filled the great hall of the dining-room, was breathing soft melody on the summer air. The music, the smell of roses, the sparkle of jewels and the wide white shirt-fronts made one think of New York or London. But it was Vancouver, the 'Frisco of Canada, standing where the Columbia pine grew straight and tall only a few short years ago. In proof of this they have wisely preserved a big park with native forests still standing. In the suburbs, in the new additions that are rapidly building up, they have to grub great

stumps before they can grade the streets. These stumps lying by the roadside reach up as high as a trolley-car.

The site of this city of thirty thousand souls was cleared in May, 1886, but in July of that year a forest fire destroyed every house in the camp save one, and out of this blackened waste rose the city of Vancouver, that stands high above Coal Harbor, watching the growing fleet going out and coming back, to and from the Orient, and wondering



SCENE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

why the capitol buildings of British Columbia should stand on the island after which she was named instead of standing on the mainland, in Canada's unrivaled port on the Pacific.

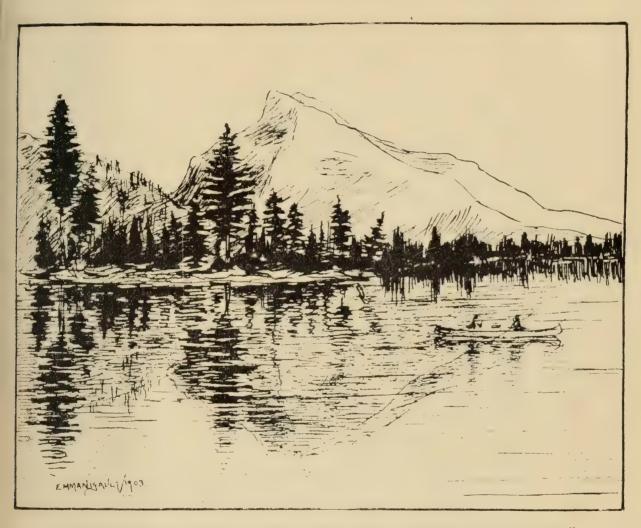
Unlike Winnipeg, Vancouver has good hotels, as well as fine houses, electric cars, beautiful parks and broad paved streets, upon the feet of which, here and there, the ocean billows break.

It is the most important outfitting post on the coast in Canada, as well as the principal point of departure for Alaska, the Klondike, Cape Nome and other northern gold-fields. There is a regular steamship service to Victoria, Nanaimo, 'Frisco, China and Japan, and to Sydney, Australia, via Honolulu. As trade and commerce increases between the Orient and America this city will thrive, for it is the one Canadian gateway to the land of the rising sun. In the heart of the city, substantially built, in the splendid hotel or railway station, it is hard to believe that the pathfinders who opened up this paradise to the world camped all the way out in a wilderness and finally rested here on the shores of the Pacific in the depths of a virgin forest; that it was only a little over a dozen years ago the "hereditary Lord of all America," as the immortal Stevenson put it, heard in this last fastness the scream of the bad medicine wagon, charioting his foes. We all know how our own West was awakened by the magic touch of steel fingers that reached across the continent in 1869, how the iniquities of the builders, real or imaginary, were forgiven and forgotten in the glory of the achievement; how the desert has been made to blossom, and the wilderness has been transformed into the abiding-place of twenty million men, women and children, who now, after three decades, rise up and call the pathfinder blessed. here in Canada the results of the first transcontinental railway have been more surprising, the benefits more marked, and the development of the country as great and rapid as was the growth of the middle and far West. The task was all the more hopeless here. The Union Pacific, with 1,500 miles of substantial, settled country, millions of people and millions of money behind it, built across two thousand miles of unwatered wilderness, and the result was wonderful.

The Canadian Pacific, with a fringe of settlers along the Atlantic, built through three thousand miles of unknown, unmapped country, and the result is amazing. At first it was "six sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal"; to-day the Imperial Limited crosses the continent in four days.

Fifteen years ago we knew that there was a wide waste of country, trackless prairies, high mountains and cold forests. That was about all we knew. When we thought of Canada we shivered. To this day the "typical" Canadian scene, painted on

the ceiling of a London theatre, is of a man muffled to the eyes, holding the string of a sled, upon which rests all that is mortal of a moose or reindeer. And while the untravelled English gaze upon this wild scene, this libel in oil, over her iron highways the wheat and the meat, the wood and the wool, the coal and the gold of Canada are being distributed to the four corners of the earth. Along this steel trail the mail from the Orient, via the Occident, is racing



"TWO MOUNTAINS EXACTLY ALIKE, ONLY ONE IS STANDING ON ITS HEAD."

round the whirling world. Millions are spent annually building new lines to the mines, to the fields and to the forests, but the resourceful country, responding, gives it back with interest.

The mayor of Vancouver is provided with an "entertainment fund," and if you have the least excuse for being on earth, or show signs of interest in the place, his worship will hitch up and show you the town. Mr. Thompson, my travelling companion, carried a letter

to the mayor from an alderman whom we met at Atlin, but we kept it and took a trolley, leaving the mayor free to give his undivided attention to Indians from India and lords from London.

After a good night's rest we boarded the Imperial Limited along with the distinguished people from the Empress and started eastward. For the first few hours the ride reminds one of Southern Texas, only we miss the negro and the nightingale, the watermelon and the alligator.

In a few hours we begin the ride through the canon of the Fraser River, a wild, wonderful bit of country. In June of the same year I had ridden down the cañon on the pilot of the locomotive pulling the west-bound Limited. It was morning, the air fresh and cool, and as the great engine swung on the curves and reverse curves, the ride became thrilling. Now and then we darted through a short tunnel that had been driven through the solid wall and a moment later swung out on a shelf of rock and heard the river roaring beneath us, drowning the roar of the train. Immense rocks that have fallen from the high walls stand in the middle of the stream, and the swift current striking them, sends the water in white sheets, or a million sprays, and in the mist myriads of miniature rainbows The engine screams and darts round a curve, and a Chinese or Indian, or some sort of dark-skinned track-walker, leaps from the tow-path as we brush by. The only fear I feel is that the engine will scoop up one of these yellow sectionmen and land him in my lap. For 50 minutes I sat and listened to the click of the pony-truck as the flanges were slammed against the rail, felt the cool air on my face, and saw the scenes shifted as in a theatre.

The cañons are wild and grand, but to me the chief charm of the Canadian Rockies are the lakes that lie close up under the sky. Of course, the glaciers are grand, weird, cold, desolate, awful; but to stand on the rear car of the Limited and watch these little blue-green, landlocked seas slip by, is to stand near to nature. Beautiful lakes there are in many parts of the world, but none like these. Lakes so crystal clear that you cannot know, looking across to the farther shore, where the lake leaves off and the land begins. Away over there are two mountains exactly alike, only one is standing on its head. One of these miniature seas we skirted for 18 miles. It is a beautiful sheet of water with a harsh, unpoetic name. It is called "Salmon Arm."

ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, LONDON

T was in the old Victoria Hall, on the afternoon of April 26, 1889, that Miss Tilley addressed a large audience of young women on the subject of "Kitchen Garden Work," which was one of the departments of the W. C. T. U., under whose auspices Miss Tilley had been invited to speak.

So persuasive were the speaker's arguments, that the result was the organization of a Y. W. C. T. U., with a membership of thirty-one, with Mrs. S. E. Allen as President.

In the early autumn work began in earnest in a suite of rooms furnished for the purpose. This "Kitchen Garden Work" proved very successful.

Growing out of this, there was felt the great need of a Young Women's Christian Association, as numbers of girls were employed in the city. The subject was discussed; leading business men became interested and promised support. "This is the way, walk ye in it," seemed to be our watchword. Another public meeting was called, Bishop Baldwin presiding. By this influential meeting we were again encouraged to go on.

Girls in the factories, as well as all others employed in the city, were interviewed and invited to our rooms to talk over the feasibility of organizing an association for young women. The girls came in large numbers to the meeting; the subject was discussed, and that night the Young Women's Christian Association of London came into being, with Mrs. S. E. Allen as President and Miss Kirkpatrick as General Secretary. The work grew and prospered under this able leadership.

In 1893 Miss Kirkpatrick was forced, through illness brought on through her untiring devotion to the work of the Association and her zeal for the welfare of the girls, to retire; her sister, Miss Mary Kirkpatrick, taking her place as Secretary. In the same year, 1893, Mrs. Allen was forced to retire from the Presidency, when Miss Minnie Trebilcock was chosen to fill the chair.

It was under the leadership of these two young ladies that the Association passed from the auspices of the Temperance Union and became an independent organization, known as the Young Women's Christian Association of London. grew in its several departments to such dimensions that later the need was felt to secure the services of a trained secretary, who could give her whole time to the interests of the Association. We have educational classes, Bible classes, and frequently a social evening in our rooms, which is much enjoyed.

Early in the summer of 1903 it was decided to serve luncheon in the rooms. This has proved a great success and is a convenience for members and visitors. We are now looking forward, hopefully, to be the possessors of a boarding-home, and have reason to expect that the near future has this in store for us, with all the equipments required.

"One of the most delightful resting-

places in Canada is "Summerholm," on Erie's banks, owned and occupied

by the Young Women's Christian Association of London. Reversing the usual order of precedence, this branch has secured the rest before the city home, and instead of its being the expense many critics prophesied it would be, it has proved to be a fruitful source of strength to the city work.

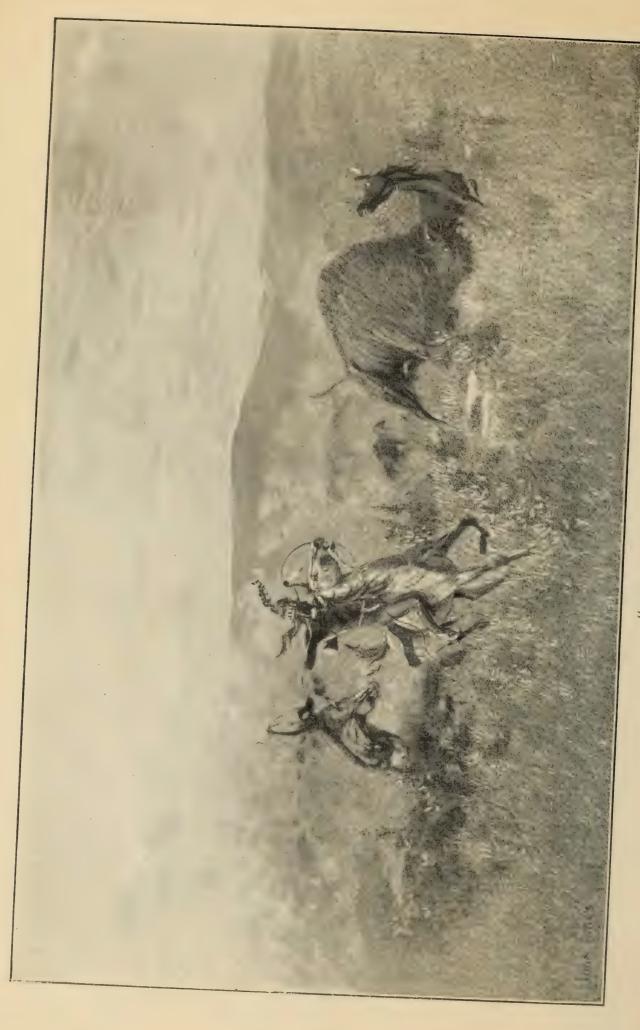
Twelve years ago eight or ten members of the Association rented a couple of rooms in Port Stanley and boarded themselves. They received so much benefit from the outing that they longed for all the other girls to have the same pleasure. If they only had a place of their own, where they could leave their belongings, and come down in relays, they claimed they would be satisfied Action followed the wish. They issued circulars with a tent. setting forth the needs of the case, and the citizens of London responded so liberally to the appeal that on the 24th of May, 1892, the President and Secretary of the Association went to Port They decided on Orchard Beach, and Stanley to secure a lot. selected a lot situated about a hundred feet from the bank, for the sake of privacy; and as years go by they are more and more satisfied with the choice. The original plan of a tent had developed into a building of the plainest type—everything good of its kind, plenty of room, but not one cent for decoration. added fifty feet to the original one-hundred-foot lot to prevent the encroachment of the rapidly-filling-up neighborhood.

On the 20th of July the pioneer party, consisting of three girls with a matron and a hostess and the President, to attend to business matters, arrived, to the dismay of the contractor, who had not begun the roof. However, he managed to get a corner covered in before bedtime. As lights were out of the question, this small, tired branch of the Y. W. C. A. held its first family worship by repeating each a Bible verse from memory and joining in unison in the Lord's Prayer. As silence was enforced, out of consideration for the weary ones, the more excited courted sleep by counting the stars which shone clear and bright overhead, and rendered useless the plans of a kind neighbor, "to send for those girls in case a storm arose."

By the first of August the last nail was driven in, the shavings cleared away, camp beds erected, ticks filled with straw; clothes-horses draped for screens, long boards raised on trestles and covered with oilcloth for dining table; and on August 12th, London's civic holiday, thirty-seven happy girls virtually picnicked at "Summerholm." The house is adapted for the comfortable accommodation of twenty inmates. In 1898, with the maintenance self-sustaining and the ground and building unencumbered, the board of directors felt free to complete the original plan, and added an east and west wing, with a ten-foot verandah.

"Summerholm" is held by a chartered joint-stock company, one dollar a share; governed by a board of directors, which must be composed of members of the Association. Any member of the London branch of the Y. W. C. A. may claim two weeks' residence at "Summerholm" by paying a dollar and a half a week towards maintenance and assisting in the lighter duties of the housework. A matron is engaged for the season, and the girls are chaperoned by a hostess, selected from ladies who volunteer service for a couple of weeks in succession. Every year adds to the comfort and convenience of the surroundings, and it is the aim of all interested to make every inmate feel that this is really her summer home.





The Red River Settlement

Some Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago

BY

HARRIET A. BOOMER

Author of

"On Trek in the Transvaal," "Notes from Our Log in South Africa," Etc.



s far as I can gather, there is hardly a landmark left in the Winnipeg of to-day by which I could recall the dear old Red River Settlement of fifty years ago, but there still remain a few of its inhabitants who can share with me in some, at least, of the old memories which have stirred my heart to its very depths, since, on opening an old trunk, I came upon a budget of fast-yellowing, and in many cases imperfect, sheets upon which were scribbled, in pointed schoolgirl characters, passing records of events grave and gay. Some of these were

in prose of the crudest, and some in rhyme of the most irregular construction, which, save the mark, we once had the temerity to term "poetry."

It was about ten years ago that, after some thirty-five years of absence, I revisited for the first time the old settlement. What a transformation scene was there! The desert had indeed blossomed as the rose. Nevertheless, to me the chief charm of my visit lay in what few corners still remained untouched, or in the sight of any old homestead or shanty which had withstood the hand of the restorer, their stout old logs having held together in spite of the buffetings of time. "I do believe," said my friend and cicerone, who was more anxious to show me all the fine new buildings of the new Winnipeg than the old landmarks for which my eyes were so eagerly seeking, "that you are quite disappointed at not finding us the same old stick-in-the-muds' such as we were when you left us in 1856," an arraignment which, from my point of view, I found it somewhat hard to meet.

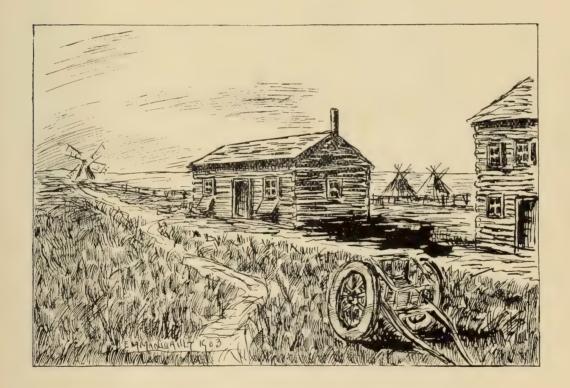
My first welcome was at the dear old lnkster homestead at Sevenoaks. I had remembered watching it being built, when we girls,

in days of vore, frequently made it the end of our evening's stroll, to see "how it was getting on." We thought it quite a mansion in those days, and there is no doubt that, although bricks were unknown and stucco not invented, the material used was of the best. How it all comes back to me: The funny old store so soon to be replaced by the new building, to which we had wont to obtain entrance by knocking first of all at the house door, someone within being detailed to let down the flap of the outer shutter and give us the freedom of the premises to hunt for the modest bit of print, the length of calico, the spool of thread, or the toothsome but harmless peppermint-drop. As thirty-five or more years after I looked around the large, square, low-ceilinged room built by "honest John Inkster," I could almost hear the sound of Robbie Sanderson's old fiddle when that greatest of treats, an impromptu and surreptitious Scotch reel or jig, would, upon our importunity, be arranged for the young folks. I wonder, by the bye, if those jigs and reels have passed into the Land of Taboo with the Indian leggings and beadworked moccasins, which were the only "braveries" and dancing pumps of which we had any cognizance in those days. dancing was dancing, not a mere gliding over the floor making no more noise than that of the passing shadows. No, indeed; it was shuffle, shuffle, double shuffle, time being marked by a tap, tap, tap, thump, thump, a snapping of the fingers, or, under special exhilaration, a playful kind of war-whoop which would make the rafters ring. Talking of this, and in reply to one of the many "Don't you remembers?" which constantly tell from the lips of one or other of us, I said that I did indeed remember a certain wedding at which the surprise of the evening was the sudden swooping-down upon a young and pretty dancer, to supplant her partner in the "jig," of an appalling-looking monster in full Indian war costume, with face painted a brilliant vermilion, who skilfully accompanied his war-cry with the rhythmic clatter of the bears' claws fastened as ornamental or symbolic tips to the big wings, which he caused to open or shut at will, and with which he had completed his get-up. I can see him now as I write, as, with beadworked leggings and moccasined feet, and flourishing his hatchet, playfully as he meant it, but menacingly as she most naturally thought it, with three noiseless but mighty bounds across the floor, the pretended warrior stood before the maiden of his choice. Her very shriek still lingers in my ears, as she fled for protection to the nearest matron, burying her face in the sheltering arms extended to her, refusing at first to be convinced that it was no Indian warrior after all, but just Big Jim of the Prairie Farm, who did it "for fun." So you see that even in our settlement, with its mere handful of inhabitants, and where such a

thing as a theatre was wholly unknown, we not only had our "balls," but we were not without our homemade theatricals either.

The circle of old friends, amidst the cross-fire of questions and answers, admitted that the new order of things was not brought about without some little sacrifice; that there would always be a "holy of holies" in their long ago into which no newcomer could ever enter. We also admitted that our lives had been led on very primitive lines; that our horizon had hardly extended beyond our own doorstep, and that we all had been satisfied with our ownership of the strip of land between it and the bank of the Red River, which raced, with its rapid current, to the shores of Lake Winnipeg; that we had, and perhaps because we knew of nothing better, been therewith perfectly content.

Until Canada had awakened from her old lethargy or indifference to learn what stores of wealth were lying unheeded at her



doors, our little oasis in the desert was, on the whole, inhabited by a fairly satisfied people; although there are still just a few old settlers remaining whose descendants are merged in the vast multitude which claim citizenship in the Winnipeg of 1903, who, weary with competition and the straining after a progress for the attainment of which their education came too late, sometimes sigh for the old primitive conditions which five decades ago awoke in their breasts no sense of injury. And yet, withal, none are prouder than they of

the wonderful city which, from that little acorn of a seed, has become as the giant tree of the forest whose branches offer wide-spread shelter to any who may seek it, come they from the north or from the south, from the east or from the west.

True, in those old free-and-easy days they could have claimed and enclosed almost any number of acres and called them their own, had it so pleased them; acres which, by little more than tickling the soil with their primitive plough, would have yielded, year after year, each their thirty or forty bushels of wheat. They could have grown Indian corn, flax, oats, hemp, hops, barley, turnips, or almost any root which mother earth can give life to anywhere; they could have fed and fattened on the broad expanse of prairie ten thousand thousand head of cattle without their having to pay any rental whatever for their pasturage; but they did not, because they had no market for their surplus, and their labor would have simply been labor in vain. They had always had enough and to spare, and what, thought they then, could mortal man or woman want more?

Coming back to "our settlement" nearly four decades later, I found it very difficult to readjust my point of vision. I had left a colony where there had been no politics, no social problems, no teaching of home economics, no organizations, no boards, no committees, no corporations, no police courts, no policemen, no dentist (except the local blacksmith, who sometimes had tried his hand at an obstinate molar), no butcher, no shops with goods displayed in their windows, no salesladies, no washerladies (except the queen of the home washtub, who made her knuckles and her own homemade soap suffice for the family laundry), and, of course, there was no such a place of appeal, no matter how complicated were matrimonial differences, as the divorce court of civilization. sanitation took charge of itself, and no great harm seemed to come of it. If the water in the buckets brought up from the river was a little thicker than looked quite tempting to the palate, why, we just let it stand until the sediment had settled to the bottom, and used the remainder. If the mosquitos bothered us, as they most assuredly did, we beat them off with a leaf-covered branch as we sat in the smoke of our "smudge." When we "exchanged calls," or what was our equivalent for that function, we came to stay, feeling sure that it would be expected of us and that our welcome would lack nothing. The mere fact of having no spare room made not the slightest difference. Buffalo robes were spread on the floor, and impromptu pillows and coverlids were handed round, and sounds of merriment from a group of some half a dozen or more girls in the room below would continue sometimes till midnight, or until a preemptory tap upon the stovepipe from the elders above would put

an end to their fun. Some had come on horseback, some maybe in a canoe, some possibly in a Red River cart, but all had some droll experience, some good joke, to relate. Like the good bread which came out of our big clay ovens, our jokes were none the worse for being homemade. There were no daily, weekly or even quarterly or yearly newspapers wherein to record passing events at home or abroad, any more than there were any postmen to bring us letters, so it behooved us to make our own fun first, and tell about it afterwards. Only twice a year could we count with any certainty upon news from the old land. The boats brought our letters and our merchandise in the summer from York Factory on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and dog teams, with their drivers running beside them, conveyed to us our winter's mail. These were the big events of our year, for even Christmas festivities lack something when one has no Christmas cards, no pretty trifles, to offer as cadeaux to one's friends, and although we had trees by dozens on the left bank of the river, which would have served our purpose as Christmas trees, had we known anything about such things, we had no tapers to light them up with, and no oranges or apples to hang upon their branches, both fruits being known to many of us by name only. These and other good things are now poured into the markets of rich Winnipeg daily, the wonderful railway system of progressive Canada having effected, as with the wand of a magician, changes which make the memory of my girlhood's two eventful journeys - one through Hudson's Bay and by the water-road of rivers and chain of lakes to the Red River Settlement, and the other therefrom by cart and saddle across the prairies, via Canada, to England again—appear almost as if they were dreams.

Other writers in our Christmas Portfolio will probably have much to relate of how the long-shut doors were opened at last, of incidents in the march of progress, of what Canada has done with her "big discovery," and of what that big discovery has done for Canada and the mother country too; so, lest, as an old woman is apt to be, I should become garrulous and fill more than the space allotted to me, I will content myself with wishing our readers, who will, I hope, be legion, not only a very happy Christmas, but a bright and prosperous New Year.





MATERNAL PRIDE.

By Paul Peel.

Paul Peel was born at London, Ontario, in 1860; studied Art at Philadelphia, London and Paris, taking the Gold Medal at the French Salon, in 1890, for his painting, "After the Bath." He died suddenly at his home near Paris, before he had completed his thirty-second year, to the great grief not only of his personal friends and native city, but of all lovers of Art, who presaged for him a brilliant future.

COLONIAL FREEDOM AND UNITY

BY

REV. PRINCIPAL GORDON, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON

UR Canadian history has been bound up with that of the Mother Country. We have always been Britons. The stream of our nation's life has divided and pours its strong current in various directions, for from the old stock there have sprung the "Men of the four new nations and the islands of the sea," but the life is the same in all.

One of the supreme possessions that Britons, from the dawn of their history, have cherished is freedom, and they have passed it down as a priceless heritage to their posterity and have sought to make others—millions of oppressed ones in Asia and in Africa—partakers of it. We hardly know its value until we hear the story of those that are crushed by tyranny, or until we travel in some country where the will of one despot may be the rule for all. To us it seems as natural as breathing that we should be free, without compulsion and without restraint, to do what we believe to be the will of God; but this liberty was bought by sacrifice and preserved by watchful and strenuous effort.

Away back among the old Teutonic tribes of northern Europe the power of the chief was restricted by the tribal assembly; from their earliest history we find this, as far back as we know anything about them. From that stock we are sprung, and that old primitive gathering of the representatives of the tribe restricting the power of the chief was the source of our free parliaments. The conception of it was developed specially in England; and the gold thread that runs through British history is this determined maintenance of freedom, the conviction that the people, through their representatives, must be the real rulers. Hence the importance that for us attaches to the signing of the Magna Charta at Runnymede in 1215, and the opening of the first House of Commons at Westminster in 1265.

But our freedom is due not only to the influence drawn from that far-away fountain of Teutonic ancestry; it has its religious side,

due to the mighty influence of the circulation of the Bible. Soon after the invention of printing, and as one of its most blessed results, the Bible was put into the hands of the English people in their own tongue. There had been scarcely any literature in England before that—none, at least, among the great body of the people; and so the nation, almost suddenly, woke up to the possession of this incomparable literature. It became current among all classes; its truths became familiar to them; they saw the worth of the individual in the sight of God, and this gave them a new conception of liberty, a new zeal for freedom, that they might be free to do the right in the sight of God. So, when the conflict came with Rome, and the great movement of the Reformation had begun, the question was not merely a dispute in theology; it was a struggle for freedom in which their long-inherited love of liberty and their conviction of the truth received from the sacred Scriptures combined to determine the issue. Struggles came in succeeding centuries, struggles for larger liberties of Parliament and of the Press; but the trend—the growth—was along this line of freedom.

And with liberty came the assertion of equal rights for all. There had been slavery. It had come down from distant ages as a part of the political creed of all peoples, that those who were captured in war might be enslaved. There had grown up, too, the practice, borrowed from the East but terribly increased in the West, of enslaving the negro who might be captured or kidnapped from Africa. It was long before the national conscience was roused to the point of doing away with this iniquity, but it was abolished even at a large sacrifice, until at last it could be said that no slave is found wherever floats the flag of the three crosses, the British Union Jack. The great Republic of the United States has followed, in this as in much else, the lead of the nation from which she sprang; her leading statesmen and jurists recognize that it is from Britain she has learned her chief lessons of public freedom and public justice.

This conflict for liberty, drawn out through the centuries, maintained by a long succession of heroic souls, has enriched us. Our whole life is permeated by the results of it. The public school in town or village or at the crossroads of some country section, where every child has freedom of access into the temple of knowledge; the churches, where the people meet, according to their various creeds, in freedom to worship God; the daily newspaper, with its liberty of criticising all classes, from prince to peasant; the public platform, where men may with perfect freedom discuss any interest that concerns them; the Parliament, where the people, through their chosen representatives, make their own laws;—these are but illustrations of the way in which freedom has

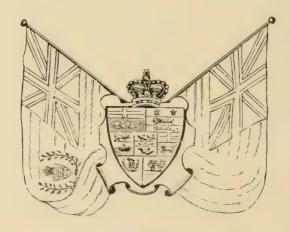
become part of the very fiber of our life. For a time, indeed, those in the Colonies lagged somewhat behind those in the motherland in some of the prerogatives of freedom; but by degrees the thoughts of men widened beyond the limits of the old Crown Colony, and there came the battle for representative government, when men said to those in authority, "You must not tax me nor spend my money without consulting me." This strife was waged through the different parts of what was known as British North America till representation was given to the people, and, while nothing was done to weaken the connection of the Colonies with the mother country, everything was done to allow them the enjoyment of the largest possible freedom.

Then came the movement to unite these self-governing Colonies of North America. They all enjoyed the same free institutions, the same system of representative government, and were all attached by similar ties to the mother country. Might they not be drawn more closely together, and have one common government, one administration, one fiscal system; for, while there is a kind of freedom that makes for separation, there is a larger, more comprehensive freedom that makes for union. And so Confederation was brought about, and the Dominion of Canada was created thirtysix years ago. That is a large portion of the life of a man, but not a long period in the life of a nation; and yet it has been long enough to show the wisdom of those who planned this union. It was a great experiment, and there were those who looked upon it with serious doubt, but the result has not justified their fears. On the contrary, the success of Canadian Confederation has been such that it has furnished, to a large extent, the encouragement and the model for the Federation of the Australian Colonies, and men look forward to a similar union, in the near future, of the British possessions in South Africa.

These uniting groups of colonies have been of late years drawn into closer union with each other and with the mother country. This is one of the results brought about by the recent war in South Africa. The occasion was a critical one for the Empire. It seemed quite possible that the Boer might beat back the Briton, as he must certainly have expected to do, for the distance appeared too great for Britain to transport troops in time to be of service, and there was almost a certainty that some jealous European power would interfere in favor of the Boer. But what did we see? Quicker than a gathering of the Scottish clans in answer to the fiery cross, came the sons of the blood to the side of their mother. Before she could call, Australia, New Zealand, Canada—from Halifax to the Yukon—were offering men and treasure for her service, and even India desired to

take part in a work that might prove her attachment to the English nation. Never in all history has there been such a free, spontaneous, eager outpouring of assistance from colonies to their motherland in her time of danger. It is the loftiest point—the very high-water mark—yet reached in the relations of Britain to her Colonial Empire. Just as the Northwest Rebellion campaign of 1885 united the Provinces of Canada more closely than acts of legislation or interests of trade, so the danger threatened by the South African campaign drew into closer unity the home land and the colonies.

This closer union means that somehow the great Colonial Empire must get into still more intimate relations with the mother country, that Britain, from center to circumference, may be more closely welded into one. To devise the means for this is the pressing problem of Imperial statesmanship, but the events of recent years have certainly quickened the movement toward a solution of it. German unity had been the dream of many before the Franco-Prussian War, but none seemed capable of harmonizing the conflicting interests of Prussia, Wurtemburg, Saxony, and Bavaria, until the pressure of a common danger closed up their ranks, and in 1870 King William was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the palace of Versailles. So, too, the progress towards the closer unity of our own empire was quickened by the conflict on the African veldt. The spirit that then overcame the difficulties threatening Britain's relations with her dependencies across the seas will surely prove equal to the task of meeting any difficulties of trade relations that must yet be solved. Byron calls Rome the "lone mother of dead empires"; we look to Britain as the living mother of living empires, which are resolved to stand, loyally and gratefully, one with the mother that gave them birth.



The First Couch of Autumn.

Oh, fair sweet day, whose sunshine weaves

H magic spell o'er stream and shore!

'Cis summer, lingering ere she leaves

The beauty she shall see no more!

The dew upon the emerald grass Gleams with the freshness of the May; The trees, in still, unbroken mass, Spread shadows o'er our woodland way.

The flowers, belated, bloom as bright

As in the sunshine of July;

Bathed in a mellow golden light,

All Nature dreamlike seems to lie.

So fair a scene, we scarce can deem
To be the prelude of decay;
That all its beauty, like a dream,
Should, like a vision, pass away.

Hlas! we cannot hold or choose,
Our Sibyl's leaves fall one by one;
'Cis still our lot that we must lose
Each flower that blooms beneath the sun.

Crimson and gold so swiftly fade,
The blazoned leaves drop silently;
And for the spreading woodland shade
Shall rise gaunt bolls and branches gray.

Yet even Autumn's gusty strife,
And Winter's dull and lowering skies,
But phases are in Nature's life,
Like balmy hours and gorgeous dyes.

Each hour of Nature's changeful mood, Stormy or bright, has destined goal In nobler life and higher good God keepeth for the human soul.

Each golden moment to our hands

Its task and blessing brings enshrined;

Each one our heart and soul demands

Its task to do, its good to find.

The Spring's fair blossoms Autumn brings
To ripeness, in October days;
'Mid Winter's gloom the promise rings
Of coming Spring, through Christmas praise.

All are of him, who is their soul—
The Fountain whence all beauty flows;
While he abides—the Living Whole,
We need not grieve for last year's rose.

Hanes Maule Machar (Tidelis).



LARGEST WHITE BEAR IN CAPTIVITY IN THE WORLD. THE ZOO, TORONTO.



"KINGS IN EXILE."

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

BY

REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE.

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light;
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

POPE.—Rape of the Lock.

Butterflies, the "winged flowers of the air," as they have been aptly termed, have long been subjects for the pen of the poet and the brush of the artist. The brilliant colours and exquisite patterns with which they are adorned, their graceful flight and airy movements—basking in the sun, sipping the nectar of an equally beautiful flower, playfully chasing a companion high up in the air, or hovering over a plant on which to lay an egg—the strange transformations in the earlier stages of their life, from a voracious leaf-devouring caterpillar, through the shrouded, apparently inanimate chrysalis, to the perfect fairylike form,—all these characteristics make them more than ordinarily attractive to every lover of nature, to every thoughtful observer of the marvellous works of the Divine Creator.

And yet, while so beautiful, so interesting, and so numerous, how few people can tell one from another; how few have ever noticed more than one or two common kinds, or could distinguish even these by their proper names! This general ignorance and indifference is very remarkable, but possibly "The Christmas Portfolio" may help to excite some little interest in these lovely creatures, and dispel some portion of the ignorance that prevails.

The Butterflies of the Eastern Provinces of Canada are fairly well known to our Entomologists, though the life-histories of many have not yet been fully revealed. About 120 species have been recorded from this portion of the Dominion, and this number

will probably be more than doubled when there are added to the list the varied forms to be found in the Western Provinces and Territories. To describe and illustrate even our most abundant species would occupy far more space than could possibly be afforded. We must, therefore, be contented with a small selection, especially as we wish to introduce also some of our beautiful and magnificent Moths.

The handsome Swallow-tail Butterflies are usually placed at the head of the list, and certainly in point of size they outrank all the rest. Three species are common about London and may even be seen flitting through the streets and over the lawns of the city, and three others are occasional visitors. The most abundant is the Tiger Swallow-tail Butterfly (*Papilio turnus*), so



FIG. I.—TIGER SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (YELLOW AND BLACK).

called from its yellow body and wings striped with black. It is usually to be seen when the lilacs are in blossom, at the end of



FIG. II. - PAPILIO TURNUS CATERPILLAR.

May and in early June. Its caterpillar (Fig. 11.), when fully grown, is a remarkable creature, of a beautiful deep olive-green colour and adorned with a strange eye-like spot on each side behind the head. It feeds upon wild cherry, birch, poplar, ash, and a number of other trees.

An almost equally common species is the Black Swallow-tail (*Papilio asterias*), Fig. III. Its caterpillar is of a yellowish-green colour, banded with black. It feeds upon parsley, carrot leaves

and other umbelliferous plants, and may often be found in gardens. Another Black Swallow-tail (Papilio troilus) is also common here.

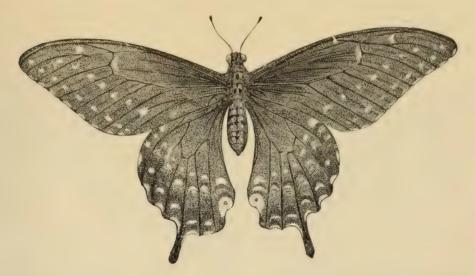


FIG. III.—BLACK SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (BLACK, WITH YELLOW SPOTS).

It differs from the preceding in having much longer hind wings, which are thickly dusted above with blue or green scales.

The rarer butterflies of this genus are the Zebra Swallow-tail (Papilio ajax), pale yellow, with narrow stripes of black and very

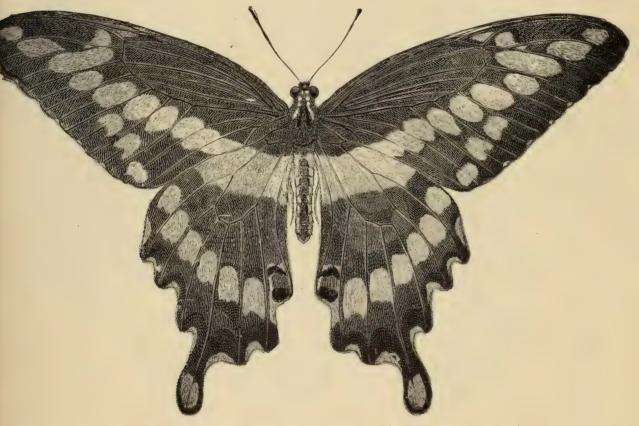


FIG. IV.—THE GIANT SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (BLACK AND YELLOW).

long tails; the magnificent Giant Swallow-tail (*P. chresphontes*), Fig. IV., which is black, with orange-yellow spots above and almost entirely pale yellow beneath; and the Green Swallow-tail (*P. philenor*), Fig. v., an occasional visitor at intervals of several years.

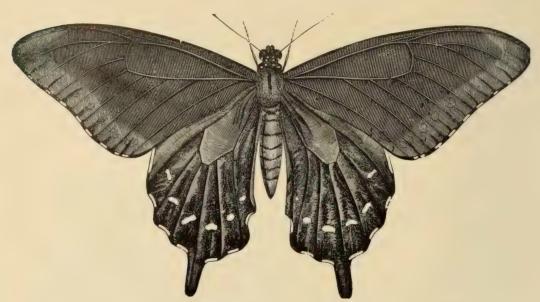


FIG. V.—THE GREEN SWALLOW-TAIL (BLACK, WITH METALLIC GREEN OR BLUE LUSTRE).

The next Butterflies in order are the Whites and Yellows. Among the former is the only too familiar Cabbage Butterfly

(*Pieris rapæ*), which devours nasturtiums and mignonette as well as all plants of the cabbage family; another species, the Checkered White (*P. protodice*), Fig. vi., was formerly abundant in this Province, but has for many years been almost entirely superseded by the previous species — an im-



FIG. VI.—THE CHECKERED WHITE BUTTERFLY.

portation from Europe. The Gray-veined White (*P. napi*) is often abundant early in the season; it is for the most part pure white above, but on the under surface the

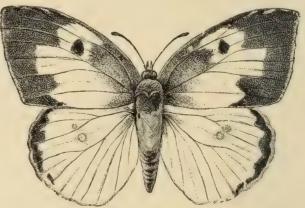


FIG. VII.—THE DOG'S HEAD BUTTERFLY (PALE YELLOW AND BLACK).

veins are broadly marked with gray; there are several varieties to be found, each of which has its distinctive name. The most common among the yellow butterflies is the Clouded Sulphur (Colias philodice), whose caterpillar feeds upon clover; it may be seen in numbers flying over fields and meadows or congregated in hundreds in order to quench its thirst at the muddy pools left on the country roads after a summer shower. A rarer yellow is the Dog's Head Butterfly (Zerene cæsonia), Fig. VII., so called from the rough picture of a dog's head on the fore wings, of which a large black spot forms the eye.

The Monarch or Milkweed Butterfly, which is perhaps better known as "The Archippus," is probably more familiar than any other to the ordinary observer. The illustration (Fig. VIII.) will

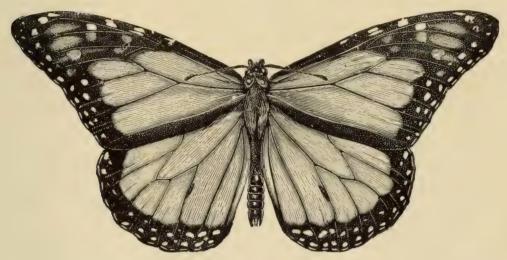


FIG. VIII. THE ARCHIPPUS BUTTERFLY (TAWNY RED AND BLACK, WITH WHITE SPOTS).

suffice for its identification without further description. The caterpillar (Fig. IX.) is yellow, banded with black, and has two hornlike filaments towards each end of its body; it feeds on the common milkweed (*Asclepias*). The chrysalis (Fig. X.) is a very beautiful object, of a lovely pea-green colour and adorned with a

band of golden buttons. This butterfly has a very interesting life-history, which would require



FIG. IX. ARCHIPPUS CATERPILLAR.



FIG. X. ARCHIPPUS CHRYSALIS.

many pages to relate. As far as known, it winters in the south and comes to us in June; the eggs are then laid on the milkweed, and by August the butterflies of the new brood are abundant and may be seen soaring majestically over the fields and through our streets. Their powers of flight are wonderful and enable them to cross vast stretches of ocean and establish themselves in distant lands. They are now to be found in the Sandwich Islands and many other groups in the Pacific, in Australia and Java, in Europe from England to Spain, as well as all over this continent. In the autumn in Canada they have a singular habit of assembling in the evening in multitudes on a tree and spending the night in company, dispersing when the morning sun awakens them to activity, and returning to the same place as the day begins to wane. This they will do for three or four days and then they will all disappear, taking flight (it is supposed) like the birds to some winterless clime where they will continue to have warm sunshine and nectar-bearing flowers. Much, however, remains to be proved respecting these supposed migrations, which may turn out to be more imaginary than real. Here there is a wide field for observation, and any nature-lover may give aid in clearing up what is at present somewhat of a mystery.

The next family includes the Silver-spots (Argynnis), tawny black-checkered butterflies, the under side of whose wings is beautifully decorated with spots of brilliant silver or pearl; the Crescent-

spots (*Melitæa*), of smaller size, but somewhat similar markings, the silver spots being absent—an example is given in Fig. xI. To this family also belong a great variety of other butterflies, the most familiar of which are the Painted Lady or Thistle butterfly; the Camberwell Beauty; the Red Admiral; the Compton Tortoise; the



FIG. XI.—PHYCIODES NYCTEIS (TAWNY-RED AND BLACK).

Commas; the White Admiral, and others too numerous to mention.



FIG. XII.—THE HOP BUTTERFLY (BROWN AND BLACK).

Two illustrations must suffice: Fig XII., the Hop butterfly (*Grapta comma*), and the Viceroy (*Limenitis disippus*), Fig. XIII. The Viceroy is so called from its remarkable resemblance in colour and markings to the Monarch (*Archippus*), Fig. VIII. The latter is distasteful to birds and other enemies, and the Vice-

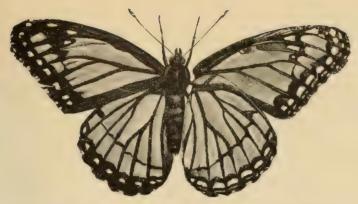


FIG. XIII. -THE VICEROY (TAWNY RED AND BLACK, WITH WHITE SPOTS).

roy enjoys a similar immunity by mimicking the larger species. (In both Figures XII. and XIII. the right-hand side represents the under surface of the wings.)

We may pass on now to the family of Satyrs,

which is composed of dull coloured brown or gray butterflies adorned with ringlets or eye-like spots. Fig. xiv. represents the very common Wood Satyr (Neonympha eurytris), which may be

found abundantly during summer in groves or open spaces in the woods; Fig. xv. is a much rarer species—the Pearly Eye (Debis portlandia); the caterpillars of both these species feed upon grasses.

The exquisite little Blue butterflies, the Hair-streaks and the Coppers, which form the next family (Lycænidæ), can hardly be

represented without colours. and charming of their race and are often found in profusion

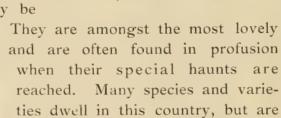


FIG. XIV. —THE WOOD SATYR

(MOUSE COLOUR).

not often seen, as they live in unfrequented places where violets grow and wild flowers bloom.

The last family, the Skippers (Hesperidæ), are distinguished from the rest by their hooked, instead of clubbed, antennæ, and their stout, robust bodies; their flight



FIG. XV.-THE PEARLY EYE (SOFT BROWN AND BLACK).

is swift and dashing, now here, now there, in sudden darts from flower to flower. Fig. xvi. represents the Northern Cloudywing (Eudamus pylades), which may be found in open woods in May and June; and Fig. xvII. a much rarer species, Pyrgus tessellata, which has been taken near London.

While reference has been given in this sketch almost exclu-

sively to the perfect state of these insects, it must not be forgotten that their life-histories are even more interesting.



FIG. XVI.—THE CLOUDY-WING (BLACK, WITH SEMITRANS-PARENT SPOTS).

will well repay any lover of nature to rear some butterflies from the egg, through the caterpillar and chrysalis, to the winged FIG. XVII.-THE TESSELLATE imago. At all stages in the creature's life there are



SKIPPER (BLACK AND WHITE).

marvels to be witnessed, curious events to be noted, and wonderful adaptations of the habits and doings to suit the requirements of the time to be observed; there are also many points in the lives of even the commonest containing mysteries which any one may help to solve.

> Lo, the bright train their radiant wings unfold! With silver fringed and freckled o'er with gold: On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower They idly fluttering live their little hour; Their life all pleasure, and their task all play, All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.

> > -Mrs. Barbauld.

Let us turn now to the Moths—nocturnal creatures for the most part, flitting like bats through the night, and only to be lured from their shadowy haunts by some feast of sweets or the



FIG. XVIII.—THE ACHEMON SPHINX (LIGHT REDDISH BROWN, WITH DARK VELVETY PATCHES; HIND WINGS PINK).

glare of a light that draws them to their doom. Here we have an embarrassment of riches; nearly six thousand North American species have been listed, and probably half that number are to be found in Canada. It is obviously impossible, therefore, to deal with them systematically here, and we must be content to select for illustration a few remarkable forms as examples of the treasures with which this country is endowed.

The first family contains the Hawk Moths (Sphingidæ), thus named from their powerful wings and swift flight, while they get the title Sphinx from the curious attitude often assumed by the

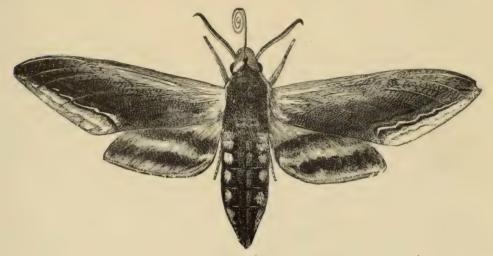


FIG. XIX.—THE PLUM SPHINX (DARK BROWN AND BLACK).

caterpillar (see Fig. xx.), which bears a fancied resemblance to the mysterious Egyptian monument. Out of a large number of species two only are selected as examples of the style and structure of the family: Fig. xvIII., *Philampelus achemon*, a grapevine Sphinx, and Fig.xix., *Sphinx drupiferarum*, which feeds upon the plum in its caterpillar stage, Fig. xx.

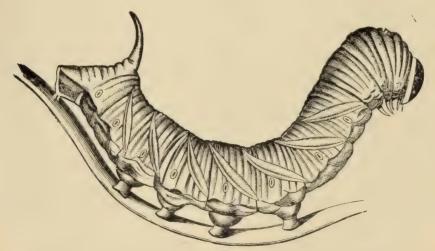


FIG. XX.—CATERPILLAR OF PLUM SPHINX (APPLE-GREEN; STRIPES WHITE AND MAUVE).

The next conspicuous family of moths contains the magnificent Emperors (Saturnidæ), of which we have half a dozen species in Ontario. Of these the poet Browning must have been thinking when he wrote in Aurora Leigh:

I recognize
The moths with that great overpoise of wings
Which makes a mystery of them how at all
They can stop flying.

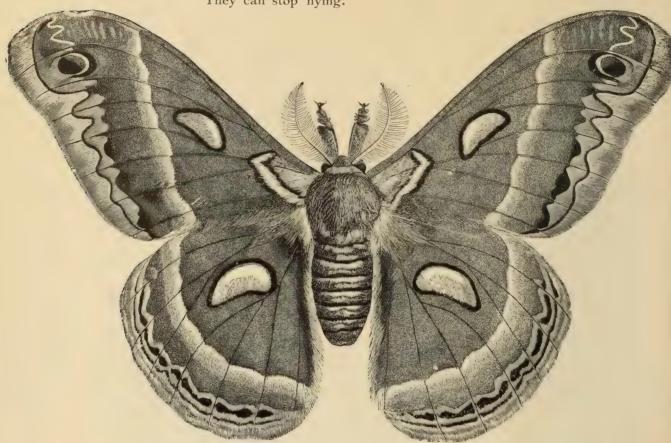


FIG. XXI.—THE CECROPIA EMPEROR MOTH (DARK BROWN, RED AND WHITE).

The caterpillar of this magnificent moth is, when fully grown, a huge creature (Fig. xxII.), alarming it may be to some, but a beautiful object in reality, with its coat of delicate pale green and the singular warts on its back of coral-red, translucent yellow and blue. When ready to transform to the chrysalis state it spins a great cocoon of coarse silk on a twig of the tree upon which it has been feeding (Fig. xxIII.), and here it remains throughout the winter amply protected against storms and cold.

The Polyphemus Emperor Moth (Fig. xxiv.) is another beautitul creature and, like the preceding species, is quite common in this Province. The wings are of a rich buff or ochre-yellow colour, with a whitish band bordered with red near the outer margin; the fore wings are decorated with a transparent spot

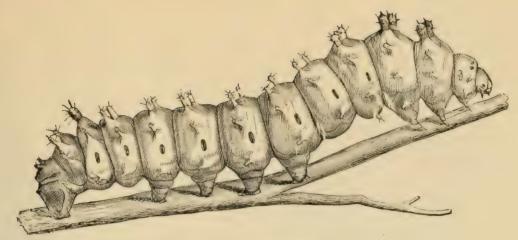


FIG. XXII.—CECROPIA EMPEROR CATERPILLAR.



FIG. XXIII.—CECROPIA EMPEROR COCOON.

outlined with yellow and black, and the hind pair with beautiful spots like the eyes on a peacock's feathers. Specimens are best procured by collecting the cocoons (Fig. xxvi.) in winter; they are usually found on bushes or shrubs near the trees on which the caterpillar has fed; the writer has found them when walking in the streets of London.

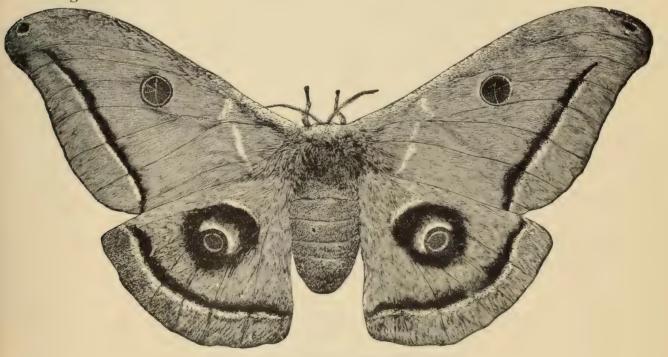


FIG. XXIV.—THE POLYPHEMUS EMPEROR MOTH.

The caterpillar (Fig. xxv.) and the cocoon differ very much from those of the Cecropia. The former, when full grown, is of a beautiful



FIG. XXV.—POLYPHEMUS CATERPILLAR.

pale green colour, with seven oblique yellowish lines on each side of the body; the cocoon (Fig. xxvi.) is much smaller and composed of finer silk, which has sometimes been spun and



FIG. XXVI.—POLYPHEMUS COCOON.

utilized, and is enclosed in one or more dried leaves.

Another common Emperor Moth is the Promethea, the sexes of which differ very much, the male being black and the female light reddish-brown. The cocoons of this species are very much smaller than the preceding:

in gardens they are usually found on lilac bushes. When destitute of leaves in winter there is sometimes to be seen dangling from a twig a rolled-up leaf that does not fall off like the rest; on examination it will be found to contain a hard silken cocoon and to be securely tied to the twig by a strong cord of silk—out of this will come the moth in early summer. Generally a number of cocoons will be found upon the same bush.

We now come to the loveliest of all our moths—the Luna, "The Queen of the Night." This exquisite creature is of a most beautiful delicate shade of green, with a transparent spot in the middle of each wing, a margin of brownish red in front and a cottony, fluffy white body. The caterpillar (Fig. XXVIII.) feeds upon hickory, beech, and a few other trees; it is pale green in colour, with a yellow stripe on each side. Where these trees abound, especially the hickory, these moths may often be found clinging to the trunks during warm afternoons in early June, and sometimes they may be captured as they hover about an electric lamp on the outskirts of the city. The cocoons much resemble

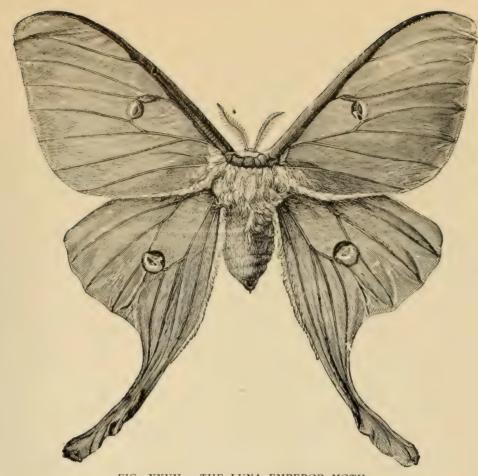


FIG. XXVII.—THE LUNA EMPEROR MOTH.

those of Polyphemus, but are left loosely on the ground instead of being attached to twigs.

With this most exquisite creature we may take our leave of the



FIG. XXVIII.—LUNA MOTH CATERPILLAR.

moths, though hundreds more remain to be described-some dull and unattractive, some resplendent in gay colours, some tiny and gemlike, others bright with gold or with silver gleaming. All are worthy of study - each one has its place to fill in the world of nature, its mission to perform, its own life-work to carry through. From each we may learn some lessons,

and when we admire their beauty and marvel at their structure and their ways, may we turn with faith and love to the beneficent Creator who made and loves them all.

HEAT.

BY THE LATE ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

FROM PLAINS THAT REEL TO SOUTHWARD, DIM,
THE ROAD RUNS BY ME, WHITE AND BARE;
UP THE STEEP HILL IT SEEMS TO SWIM
BEYOND, AND MELT INTO THE GLARE.
UPWARD HALF WAY, OR IT MAY BE
NEARER THE SUMMIT, SLOWLY STEALS
A HAY-CART, MOVING DUSTILY,
WITH IDLY CLACKING WHEELS.

BY HIS CART'S SIDE, THE WAGONER
IS SLOUCHING SLOWLY AT HIS EASE,
HALF HIDDEN IN THE WINDLESS BLUR
OF WHITE DUST PUFFING TO HIS KNEES.
THIS WAGON ON THE HEIGHT ABOVE,
FROM SKY TO SKY ON EITHER HAND,
IS THE SOLE THING THAT SEEMS TO MOVE
IN ALL THE HEAT-HELD LAND.

BEYOND ME IN THE FIELDS THE SUN
SOAKS IN THE GRASS AND HATH HIS WILL;
I COUNT THE MARGUERITES ONE BY ONE;
EVEN THE BUTTERCUPS ARE STILL.
ON THE BROOK YONDER NOT A BREATH
DISTURBS THE SPIDER OR THE MIDGE.
THE WATER-BUGS DRAW CLOSE BENEATH
THE COOL GLOOM OF THE BRIDGE.

WHERE THE FAR ELM-TREE SHADOWS FLOOD DARK PATCHES IN THE BURNING GRASS, THE COWS, EACH WITH HER PEACEFUL CUD, LIE WAITING FOR THE HEAT TO PASS. FROM SOMEWHERE ON THE SLOPE NEARBY, INTO THE PALE DEPTH OF THE NOON, A WANDERING THRUSH SLIDES LEISURELY HIS THIN REVOLVING TUNE.

IN INTERVALS OF DREAMS I HEAR
THE CRICKET FROM THE DROUGHTY GROUND;
THE GRASSHOPPERS SPIN INTO MY EAR
A SMALL INNUMERABLE SOUND.
I LIFT MINE EYES SOMETIMES TO GAZE:
THE BURNING SKY-LINE BLINDS MY SIGHT;
THE WOODS FAR OFF ARE BLUE WITH HAZE;
THE HILLS ARE DRENCHED IN LIGHT.

AND YET TO ME NOT THIS OR THAT
IS ALWAYS SHARP OR ALWAYS SWEET;
IN THE SLOPED SHADOW OF MY HAT
I LEAN AT REST AND DRAIN THE HEAT;
NAY, MORE, I THINK SOME BLESSED POWER
HATH BROUGHT ME WANDERING IDLY HERE:
IN THE FULL FURNACE OF THIS HOUR
MY THOUGHTS GROW KEEN AND CLEAR.



THOUGH the events I am about to describe took place some summers ago, it is all as vivid as if it happened yesterday. After a hard and driving year of city parish work, I accepted the invitation of a Halifax friend and parishioner, a skilful and devoted follower of good old Izaak Walton, to take a month's outing on one of the most famed of our salmon rivers; and it was there, amidst scenes of natural beauty that rival the glories of North Wales and the Scotch Highlands, that I hooked and landed my first salmon.

My first salmon! Shall I ever forget it? And how can I adequately describe the battle?

It was a lovely day, the eighth that I had now been casting in vain. Day after day, from morn till dewy eve, I had thrown the fly with unwearying, or rather with very wearying, persistence over the surface of the pool, beneath the shining face of which the salmon lay, in vain. At six or six-thirty every morning I used to go out and cast at the Forks Pool, just below our camp. my faithful man Andrew would shoulder my waders, the gaff, the fly protectors (for the mosquitos were muscular and hungry), and sundry other articles, and together we would trudge to the Deep Pool, a mile and a quarter farther down. At one we would return again to camp; at half past three we would go again to the pool; from four to seven I would throw the whirling fly; the monotony being only once relieved by my hooking a fine salmon of about twenty pounds, which I played for three-quarters of an hour and then lost, after a wade and a swim, on account of a miserable stump in the river.

Well, this Monday we had gone down in the morning, as usual, to the Deep Pool, and I began to cast my line.

It was a glorious Canadian day. The sun beat down beautifully from between the flying fleecy clouds, a gentle wind rippled the water, and everything was fair. The great mountains, tipped here and there with snow, rose in all their majesty about four miles away, and far and near the scene was lovely.

But it wasn't with Nature's beauty I was occupied. My whole mind was now upon that swirling, darting, circling little fly at the end of my casting-line, which flew back and forth, and fell lightly as a snowflake upon the water, then sank and was carried down stream a while, before it was again whisked back and flung, with a slight turn of the wrist, to a great distance forwards once more.

It was about nine o'clock when I began this work, and at about ten o'clock or thereabouts I had the somewhat exciting satisfaction of seeing an immense salmon rise right below the spot where I had been casting. He did not rise to my fly; but that was nothing. I now knew that there was a fish there, and that later on perhaps he would seize my fly. At it, and at it, and at it again, I went. An hour passed of unintermittent casting and still no sign. Not long after he rose again just in the same spot, and again I plied my exertions, resolved to get him if any skill Twelve o'clock had now come, of mine would secure that end. but the fish had not. I remembered how long and patiently my friend had had to wait before he got his last fish, so I kept at it in hope; but when another hour had passed, my wearying arm and tired body alike declared the need of food, and, to my great regret, I had once more to desist and trudge back to the camp with the same old message, now thirteen times repeated—no luck!

However, nil desperandum is the true fisherman's motto, and at half past three we were at it again. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," I sang to myself, and gently unreeled my line over the very spot where for four hours I had cast the fly in vain, with a fresh fly and a new hope.

The first cast was made rather indifferently, and the second likewise, but scarcely had the water been touched by my fly when the line was suddenly drawn taut, and some great object was churning the water in its violent efforts to get free from the line.

- "Ha!" I said, with an explosive of satisfaction.
- "You've got him now, sir," said Andrew, "hold on."

Yes, it was a salmon, the very fellow, most likely, that we had been trying for all the morning, who had been lying in the same hole all these hours.

And now began a battle royal.

With a splendid leap the struggler shot out of the water

three or four feet, showing his glittering side and body, and plumped down into the water with a mighty splash.

Like a flash I lowered my rod, to prevent his snapping the tender line, lifting it again as soon as he was quiet, and gently reeling it in. To my surprise he obeyed, and getting closer into shore for firmer footing, with my rod slightly bent and the line taut, I drew him on. As we got into shallower water, the huge back fin and gently moving tail came into view, and I was able to see the outlines of his form.

"Surely," I said to myself, "he cannot be coming in yet. Impossible!"

However, it was my duty to reel in and keep him in play, and soon I had him well up in a shallow part of the stream, in water so shallow, indeed, that he would, as the men down there say, be "drowned" before long.

After a few minutes of repose, during which he was evidently ruminating over the situation and planning some deadly scheme of treachery and release, I felt in my bones that something was going to happen. I was not mistaken. With a preliminary little whirl and squirm,—phew! like a flash he gave a dart for the middle of the stream, and the reel whistled and hummed as he sped to his former lair, giving two leaps by way of further exercise on the way.

"Hold on to him, sir," said the faithful Andrew, "we'll get him yet."

And hold on to him I did. I was determined, by strength of arm and skill of brain, to land that fish or give up.

So I kept the reel gently playing and the rod evenly bending, until once more he had to yield to the unrelaxing strain and slowly but surely come in to shore. But there was lots of strength in him still, and the water was deep. He turned slowly around, swimming in little circles of five to fifteen feet in diameter, as if he were in a maze and was trying to find his way out. Closer and closer he came, the gently moving tail churning the water in a manner resembling the preliminary turns of the screw of a ship, and the white of the body showing by degrees, a sure sign of weariness and decaying effort. The ever tautening line was doing its work.

His force was being spent, and soon in utter exhaustion he would have, in spite of himself, to let himself be dragged on shore, incapable of further resistance.

But not yet. No! For I could see, or rather feel, that he was going to have another try for liberty before the final act. I had not long to wait.

With a sudden leap, amidst the music of the reel, he dashed again for midstream, gave a higher leap than ever into the air, and then, as if settling down to the real business of the play, he sped on and on, until all but the last ten yards or so of my line was spent, and the opposite shore was almost touched.

How my heart sank.

I can feel over again now the dismay I felt as every yard was swum, for I knew only too well that every yard of distance meant a greater chance of the line being caught in the stream.

"Oh, Andrew! Oh, Andrew!" I cried, in the depth of my fears, "I'm afraid I'll lose him!"

"Never fear, sir, never fear. You'll have him yet," was faithful Andrew's reply.

The poor fellow was evidently as anxious as I was, and I could see that he knew the reason of my fears.

I held on and tried to reel a little, to draw him, if possible, nearer again. No, it was no use.

"Patience, patience," I whispered to myself. "Hold on, keep a taut line and you'll tire him yet." A long while he lay there, my fears increasing every moment lest he should go farther down the stream and then cross the sunken log I so much dreaded; but he did not move, unless it was a foot or two occasionally in my direction. At last—and oh, how long it seemed!—I felt him ease the strain.

He was coming in again! Joyfully, yet carefully, I kept on reeling—as a man would draw ashore a prize he had brought from the other side of the world—reeling, reeling, now with difficulty, now with greater ease, until I had got him back as far as the middle of the stream. A halt occurred here. He was evidently saying good-by to his relations, or making his will; but the delay was soon over. The steady drawing of the reel overmastered him. Nearer and nearer he came. And now once more I saw again with joy the slow circling of the tail, and the upturning of the white of the body. He was getting weaker. A strange sense of power and mastership possessed me, and I knew that if the hook and line would only hold taut all was safe.

"Get ready, Andrew," I cried, as my anxious and excited gillie grasped the gaff and waded ankle and knee deep towards the vanquished. "Be careful now."

Slowly I drew him towards Andrew, his sea-green body gleaming in the sunlit water; but the moment he caught sight of the creeping Andrew he darted away.

It was only a dying effort, and for a moment; back again soon he was irresistibly drawn.

"Now, Andrew," I said, softly.

There! Ah! O—o—o—o—h!

My heart sank once more.

So near-and yet, alas! Andrew had missed him.

I thought my fish was gone.

But, to my joy, he still was on, and again I played him, drawing him ashore.

"Now, Andrew, don't miss him this time," I said.

"Trust me, sir, I'll not."

Standing with his eye fixed, his body poised and motionless, the gaff extended, Andrew waited.

Now then!

A dash, a striking of the water, a sudden drawing of the gaff, and——

Victory!

There on the end of the gaff quivered and struggled a glorious salmon, far larger than my most ardent dreams had conceived of. The battle was over and the triumph won.

Veni-vidi-vici. I had hooked and played and landed my first salmon!

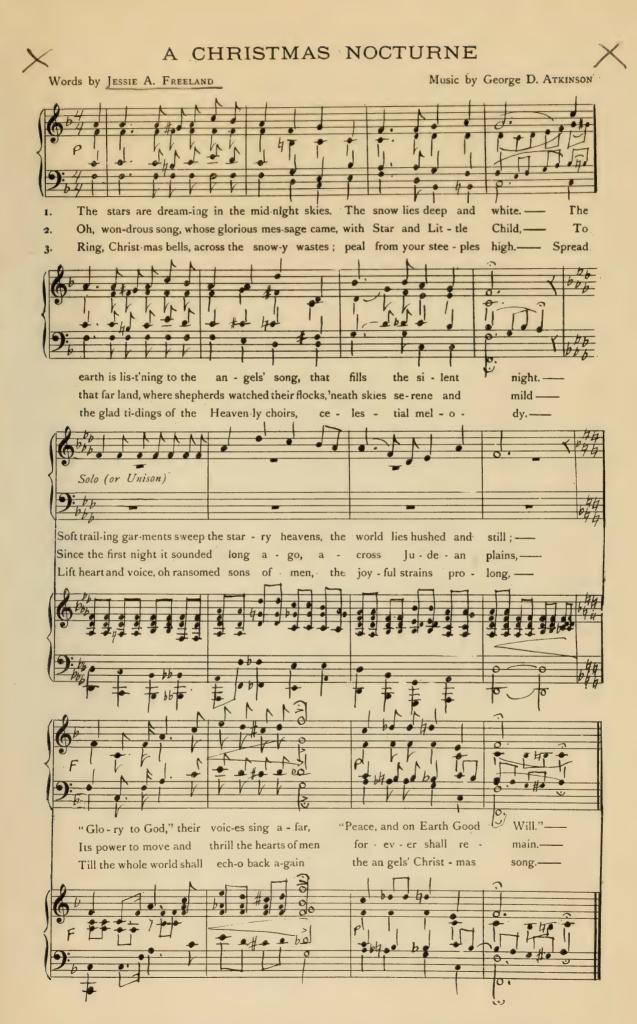
He was a large fish. He weighed over eighteen pounds on the scales, not counting the blood that was lost—over nineteen pounds in all.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and when I returned to camp and my kind host grasped my hand in the excitement of his intense interest and delight, and congratulated me on the size of my first fish, I felt very much as a small boy does as he surveys his first pair of top-boots, or the politician when he hears of the success of his first election.





WHERE CANADA MEETS THE ATLANTIC,



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THE VILLAGE ARTIST

ву

ADELINE M. TESKEY

Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows."

"We were a quiet kind of people in the village, going around with a dreamy, slow look in our eyes, perhaps seeing very little on the outside, but living a great world within," said Mrs. Simon Slade, one day I had succeeded in launching her into one of her delightful reminiscent talks. "We knew nothing about what some people call progress, we were always behind in the fashions, and had thought very little about the great big world beyond our own neighborhood; so we looked on Mrs. Fitzpatrick as a kind of curiosity when she came to live among us."

I was interested, and in reply to a few questions from me, she continued:

- "Mrs. Fitzpatrick was born and raised in the village, and was a nice enough, sensible girl before she ever left it. She had a kind of good look in her face in those old past days, as if she had the evidence of things not seen—I suppose it was that look Fitzpatrick fell in love with when he asked her to marry him and go off to the city.
- "She probably never would have come back to the village, only that the old homestead was left her, and—well, she was obliged to. Fitzpatrick had died, and there wasn't overly much left, what with theatres, and concerts, and stylish clothes; and she was glad to fall back on the old home and a cheap place to live in.
- "But, my, she was restless! Her eyes, that used to be soft and blue, with kind of deep places in them where you could imagine something mysterious and not altogether of this world was hiding, had grown hard and shifty, too hard and slippery-like for even a thought to have a resting-place in them; and she was always wanting something she did not have.
- "She complained a great deal that there was no society in the village, no concerts or operas, nor anything to make life worth living.

- "She was in her most discontented mood one day when I carried her over a glass of boiled custard I had just made fresh—I knew her mother when she was a girl.
- "She only took time to thank me for the custard, when she broke out, 'This village is an awful little hole to live in, nothing to either see, or hear, or enjoy in any way—a strip of common,' she says, scornfully, waving her hand (which she took great pains to keep white) out toward the vacant lots in front of her house, 'a pool of water in the middle of it, and a row of poplars—and it will be more unendurable in winter,' she says. (She got to talking very nice and using high-sounding words since she had lived in the city.) But she was really pale and all fagged out with hearing, and seeing, and doing nothing, so I thought I'd paint a little just to cheer her up a bit—bring out the colors of things she could see and hear, or sense in some way, sitting on her own front stoop.
- "'A new piece of embroidery work every week is that strip of old common,' I says, 'green background with sometimes bluebells thrown on, sometimes white daisies with brown hearts, sometimes pink clovers, or buttercups, or dandelions. The pattern changes and changes, before we tire of one another comes; and it's the home of perhaps thousands of pretty flashing things, if we'd only the eyes to see them. There's the ant in glossy black suit, and the red ladybug, and the bluebottle-fly, and all the handsome caterpillar and moth family. Then the heavens above are down in that little pool of water every day, blue one day and gray another day,' I says, 'perhaps with great sailing clouds, but never two days the same. And on clear white nights you'll find the moon and the stars down there too.'
- "'Why, I never thought of looking for all *that*," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, peering curiously over at the little puddle of water. I remember now I did see the full moon reflected there one night."
- "'In winter-time fairies seem to take in hand the old common. How else can each blade of grass and faded flower-stalk shimmer in silver gown and jewels, and the pool become one big diamond itself?' I says.
- "'Three hundred and sixty-five times a year evening hangs her great picture across the western sky, giving us a new design every time. I don't wonder a mite,' I says, 'that those poplars over there are trembling with delight at the scene that's before them this minute.'
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- "'One would think,' says she, 'to hear you talk, that those trees were people.'
- "'Trees almost seem like people to me,' I says; 'living beside them year after year you get to love them. I think, to know one good old tree—one tree which, through the storms of a long life, has stood straight and strong, smiling up into the face of God—helps you.'
 - "She looked over at the poplars again.
- "Then morning comes stealing, stealing in, touching every commonplace thing with her pink fingers, making it, at least for a moment, uncommon. And every flowering shrub and tree pours incense in her path. Did you ever go into an apple orchard at blossoming time just before sunrise?" I says, laying aside my paint brush, so to speak, to ask her the question.
- "She thought a moment, and then she said she did not believe she ever got up that early, except when she was a baby.
- "'Well,' I says, 'if you got into a drug-store when the corks were out of all the perfumery bottles, you wouldn't smell anything half so sweet.
- "'After the coming of the dawn is the meeting of sun and earth," I says, 'and everything puts its best foot forward for that, same as if 'twas for a wedding. The flowers wake up and open their eyes that were shut all night, and every leaf and twig, every wheel and thread of cobweb is hung with diamonds. The choir of birds always seem to me to be giving us a wedding march which they were, away behind the world somewhere, practicing all night.
- "'You never can get a chance to be lonesome,' I says, 'with so many things to take your attention. One day it's the broad smile of the sun, and another day the winking rain; and the wind,' I says, 'now whispering and sighing like a lover, and again howling like a cross husband.
- "'There's the crowd of scents themselves,' I says, 'they're a big family. One scent, when you get a whiff of it, perhaps carried to you by a puff of wind, puts you in mind of when you were a small body trudging the country road to school. A squirrel was darting in and out between the fence rails, a grasshopper was playing his sharp fiddle in the mulleins, a bobolink, in white coat and black vest, laughed for pure joy, 'twas such a nice day; and you could hear the ring of an axe way off in the bush. The clover blossoms were growing by the roadside, and now every time you smell clover that picture comes up before your heart's eye inst as fresh as if it were not years and years old. Another scent puts you in mind of your wedding day, or the day and the place

where your William, or John, or Simon, proposed to you—perhaps kissed you for the first time. You'll remember you went around that day thinking all the world was yours; the birds sang special songs for you, and the flowers were never so large and bright before. God hung His moon that evening just outside your bedroom window, and His stars sang to the music of your heart. And the scent of one little flower, perhaps a sweetbrier or a wild violet, brings the whole scene back.

- "'Then, perhaps another scent reminds you of your mother and the day you laid her away with a white rose in her folded hands, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection; and you think of the golden streets and the gates of pearl, the harps and the palms, and you forget all the lonesomeness and scarcity and bareness of this life, and feel that it is worth while to be immortal."
- "The fagged look had left Mrs. Fitzpatrick's face, and she was looking real interested.
- "'Then we're treated to a concert from daylight until dark," I says, 'a concert you cannot hear at all, with the other noises, when you are in the city. For a soprano, I never heard one that could take higher notes than Cricket; and for a bass, one that can take lower notes than Bumblebee. And then the crowd of musicians that comes in between these two. There's now and then a bird-song,' I says, 'that strikes the ear of your soul and lifts you right up and away from all the toil and grind and disappointment of life, and rests you—you never can tell how—and you go back to work again glad that you live.
- "'As for society,' I says, 'I don't know as I make out well what you mean. For myself, I don't get much time to be alone. There's the dog: he follows round after me, sits down when I sit down, walks when I walk, and pays so much attention to me that I cannot well get out of paying some attention to him. Even a dog will have friends if he shows himself friendly. And the ducks and chickens gabble to me every time I go near them; and, although I do not understand their language, it does not seem polite not to answer back. Then my canary in his cage: he'd feel neglected if I did not chirp at him a few times each day. I play with the children and neighbor a good deal.'
- "'Yes,' she says, 'you're a good neighbor, and you're a great artist, too. You've brought out the local colors, 'she says—you remember I told you she used high-sounding words—'in a way that I shall not soon forget. Mrs. Slade,' says she, 'you've painted the glory of the commonplace.'"

Sir John A. Macdonald

A hitherto unpublished anecdote of the great Canadian Statesman

BY

REV. DYSON HAGUE, LONDON, ONT.

was in a pleasant little town in Nova Scotia, the very air of which was atmospheric ozone—when the conversation turned on the subject of the late Sir John.

"I remember him so well," said my friend and host, "and a wonderful man he was. One thing about John A. (Sir John Macdonald was always John A., or Sir John A., to the mass of Canadians) that I liked was his love for his mother. Why, even when he was a man of thirty or forty he would obey her as implicitly as a child, and to the end he honored and respected her with the tenderest filial affection. Yes, and even in his wild days, when he would out with his boon companions till two in the morning, his mother would come in a cab, and entering the barroom, would say, 'John, come home!' and he would follow her obediently, like a trained hound."

"I am glad to have heard that," said I. "A noble thing it is for a man to love his mother.

"But," I continued, "what always struck me as his most striking quality was that wonderful charm of manner, that marvellous faculty of pleasing and attracting, and then of inspiring men with enthusiasm for his person and his cause. I well remember one day years ago, when I was quite a young fellow at college at Toronto. I was sitting one morning in my bedroom in the house we then lived in, in the park, when the door opened and my father came in with a gentleman of very striking face and pleasant appearance. And then he said to me, 'Let me introduce you to Sir John Macdonald.' I jumped up, and said, 'How do you do, Sir John?' and he took my hand and smiled as if it was really a pleasure to be introduced to me. 'You are reading,' he said. 'Yes,' I answered. 'I am reading Demosthenes; we have it in our first year's classics at the University.' On which he

went on to make a few remarks on the value of classical study, showing the greatest interest in what I was doing, and after a minute or two we shook hands and he went out with father to see the rest of the house.

"Now, it wasn't for anything he said particularly that I remember him; it was rather the delightful geniality and winsomeness of the man that impressed me. I have only seen him a few times since, but never shall I forget the picture of the man, even at that time great, who really seemed as if it was a real pleasure to him to be introduced to a lad, who was only a freshman at college, and took as keen an interest in what this lad was doing as if it was part of his own personal business."

"I can quite understand that," chimed in the sister of my host, who had so far been a silent listener to our talk. "I can quite understand that; a kinder and more sympathetic man I never knew," and then she went on to tell the following anecdote, one of the most striking I have ever heard of any public man.

"It was a long while ago," she said, "in the year 1873, when we were in Kingston. I was feeling very deeply for Sir John, as it was the occasion of his great defeat, and I knew that he would be depressed in mind and body. I don't know what impelled me to do it, but I determined to go and have a private interview with him and talk lovingly to him about his soul and his God. It seems a strange thing for a lady to do at such a time, for the town was crowded with his political followers. But I resolved to do it. So I prayed a little prayer for help, and went down to the hotel where he was staying, soon after tea, and with fear and trembling entered the door. tender seemed surprised when I asked him if I could see Sir John, but he sent the message up. After some time his friend, Mr. Hardy, came down and asked if he might convey any message, as Sir John was tired and was taking needful repose before addressing the electors from the verandah of the hotel. I replied that it was impossible for me to deliver my message save in person, and I said that I must see Sir John himself.

"Mr. Hardy left, and for a long time I was left alone. At last, however, I heard a step, and Sir John A. himself came in, looking rather worn and tired. I stood up to receive him, and in fear and trembling began something like this:

"'Sir John, I am sure you will pardon me for my boldness, but I have been so disheartened by your defeat that I have been emboldened to come and speak to you. I believe God's hand is in it all. You have been defeated indeed, but you must not be disheartened. Perhaps it is because God has seen

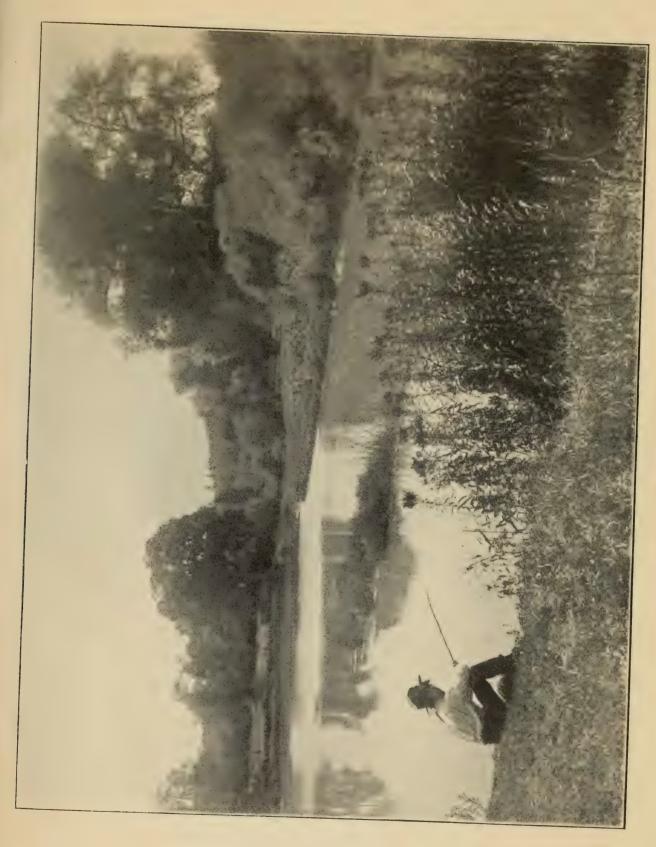
how nothing else could be for His highest good.' And then, tenderly, lovingly, prayerfully, and with words that just seemed to be given to me by the Holy Spirit for the occasion, I went on to show him that perhaps he had been living too much for self, for power, for the world; that, like the great Cardinal of old, he had cared more for his earthly interests than for his Heavenly Master, and that God, in his great defeat, had been speaking to his soul and calling him to himself.

"I don't know how I said what I did. I spoke for a good while and very plainly. But all through Sir John listened with the profoundest interest. There was no trace of weariness, or impatience, or anything of the sort. Evidently he was deeply moved. And then as I pleaded with him to give himself entirely to God, and live a new life to His glory, and to be His forever, the tears came into his eyes, and with a voice full of unaffected emotion, he thanked his unknown visitor from the depth of his heart. The interview, altogether, lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. It made an impression upon me that I have never forgotten, and I have ever since thanked God, as I pass in memory through the events of that extraordinary night, that

I was able so faithfully to plead with the soul of one whose very greatness seemed to render him inaccessible to such messages, and that he received my message with such simple and unaffected interest and such evident emotion."

"True," added my host, "but the most remarkable thing was, that in half an hour Sir John was expected to deliver a great speech, and did deliver one of the greatest speeches he ever made in his life. Would any other man in the world, in such a state of tension, with such demands upon his mind at such a time, exhibit such calmness, interest, and sympathetic attention?"





Castles of Sand.

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Castles of Youth and Hope and Joy, Castles of Love without alloy, Built in the heart of a woman; there They were fashioned with tender care.

Built to withstand the blows of Hate,
Built to rebuff the hand of Fate;
With towers of silver and turrets of gold,
And all the Love that the walls could hold.

'Twas a woman's hand that built them there, And a woman's thought that made them fair, For a woman's faith had strengthened the walls, And a woman's beauty would grace their halls.

But Youth is gone and Faith is betrayed,
And Joy in its lonely grave is laid,
And Love has come and laughed and flown,
And a woman's life is lived out alone.

For a heart grew cold, and slain was Grust, And the silver and gold all crumbled to dust; And these Castles built by a woman's hand Are only some mounds of shifting sand.

Castles of sand on a sunny shore

Of glittering grains like a hoarded store,

Mounds of shining, glistening sand

That build up the Castles of Day-Tream Land.



Christmas, as Shakespeare says, in another connection, "puts a spirit of life in everything." This spirit of life is in evidence not alone on the glad day, but for weeks before. Stores are decked in gayest attire; streets are thronged with eager, happy crowds; salesmen, weary with unusual labor and with extra hours of toil, enter into the prevailing spirit of gladness, and hide their weariness behind their pleasure in contributing to the universal jov. What an air of pleasant mystery pervades the home! What smuggling of strange-shaped bundles and of innumerable parcels! What whispered conferences and planning of pleasant surprises! Who that has once entered into the Christmas spirit can forget Who that has known it does not long with the spirit of a child for its return? At the Christmas season, if at no other, a contagious spirit of good will is abroad, warm enough to thaw the chilliest spirit, and strong enough to inspire in the coldest and most indifferent heart an enthusiastic sympathy with the prevailing spirit of benevolence and love.

What message for the world lies at the heart of all this glad excitement? Scholars skilled in research, and those learned in the customs of many lands and ages, may find the origin of the Christmas festivities in a far-away past long prior to the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. But even these will not deny that the full explanation of the season and its joy is to be found in the event which transpired nineteen hundred years ago in the village of Bethlehem, and that was heralded by a choir of angels in their

message of peace and good will to the world. And for proof it is enough to say that only in Christian countries does this season of brotherly kindness find its fullest and its best manifestation. The student of heathen lore may find in events of very early history, and in the customs of pagan peoples, much that is still preserved in the Christmas festival; but this before Christ came was but an empty wine-skin, furnishing no life-giving draught to a thirsty world. Christ took it and filled it with the new wine of His life and teaching, and evermore the thirsty drink and find refreshment. Christmas finds alike its meaning and its message in that central starry beginning when the Holy Babe lay in the manger of an eastern caravansary, and to the shepherds came the glad tidings, "Unto you is born this day——a Saviour." For nineteen centuries that message of God's good will to men has echoed down the ages; Christmas emphasizes it to our hearts, and peals it forth to our souls in the melody of multitudinous joy-bells.

How shall we keep the Christmastide? We can only truly keep it when to our hearts the message has come that came to the shepherds, "Unto you is born a Saviour." We read the record, and it opens with words that seem to us to indicate simply a point of history—"When Jesus was born." But how much did that event, thus simply recorded, mean to the world! When Jesus was born a new era began for earth; hope took the place of despair, good will commenced its triumphal march, the Adversary received notice to quit this earth. Now, that message of hope must become personal to us if we are to know aright the Christmas spirit. The season has its message for me, only when the Christ is born in my heart. Though it be only a manger that I can offer Him, yet will He come in if I give Him asylum; but enter He must, ere the joy of the Christmas chimes can echo in my life.

That birth of Christ in my heart means not a hard dogma that I accept, but a living passion that possesses me, a tender force that compels me, a supreme influence that controls my life; the key-word to the joy of Christmas is *Immanuel*—God with us. Can it be questioned what the effect in life will be where Christ is born? There hatred will vanish and love will reign, bitterness will disappear and good will will abide, anger and envy will give place to the sweet graces of gentleness and brotherly kindness. For the Christ who is born in my heart the Hope of Glory, is born too the Prince of Peace, and mine is a true Christmas when

to my heart God's message of love in Jesus Christ His Son has come, and from my heart that message of peace goes out toward all men.

How shall we keep the Christmastide? Why, make it for the home the brightest day of three hundred and sixty-five. Christmas is essentially a festival of the home. On this day, above all others, we seek to let the spirit of kindness have open control in all the relationships of the family. This is right. Home, in its richest meaning, is only possible where the Christmas message has come; our homes, indeed, are Christ's gifts to us. Let gaiety, then, and gladness for old and young, abound on this day in the home, and let the Christmas season be the most joyous festival of all the round year; joyous alike in the free expression of affection and in the unstinted manifestation of love in suitable gifts. Too soon the opportunities for such expression of affection will pass; let us embrace them while they are ours. True, sorrow may have entered the home, a chair may be vacant since the last Christmastide, and you may be tempted to say, "I have no heart for Christmas, I will let it pass by unnoticed"; but is it not the better part to make the day for those who remain the brighter, in the spirit of Him who came to give, even in sorrow, the joy of His peace? Believe me, the joy of giving will help to ease the agony of your grief and will still the throb of your wounded spirit.

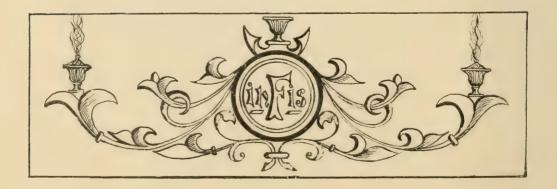
And this for every reader: Begin the day, as a family, with God. Around the breakfast table, even while the little ones are big with the excitement of gifts received or expected, let the story of the first Christmas be read, and let the home be opened to the Heavenly Babe who to-day, as ever, waits for a welcome.

Let home, then, be merry at the Christmastide, and let the memories of the day that we carry with us down the pathway of the years, be memories fraught with gladness and sweet with love.

How shall we keep the Christmastide? In the full spirit of affection and fellowship toward our brothers everywhere. The Christmas chimes tell of peace and good will. It is our privilege to carry their sweet music into other hearts. This is a season to be marked by the reconciliation of those who have been estranged, by the forgiveness of those who have offended, by the bringing home of the banished. Let all men to-day forget their injuries, bury their differences, think well of their fellow men, and speak the word that will help to heal the dissensions that mar life.

And more: Let there be not only kindly thoughts and gentle words, but let the gifts of the family circle overflow into other homes. There is no more hopeful sign of Christendom to-day than this that is found in the increasing thoughtfulness of all men for the poor and for all in distress. Every Christmas season shows an increasing bountifulness of provision for the poor who are ever with us. Let the spirit increase; still there are homes where poverty, sorrow and affliction afford the fields for the exercise of the sweet grace of Christmas kindness. Do not count your Christmas kept until you have extended help to some helpless one. And put yourself into your help. Give your gift, if gift it be, but fail not to give sympathy, interest, love, for these make precious the smallest gift, and without them the most costly lacks value. Great are our privileges at Christmas, for then not only are hearts opened to give, but, greater grace, hearts are open to receive; and our gifts of love may carry the message of the Christ of Christmas to a heart then tender, which hitherto has been hard and cheerless.

And the last word: Let the Christmas season strike the keynote for the year. "Christmas comes but once a year"; true, but the Christmas spirit may abide. The Christmas chimes do not call us to a mountain experience of love and good will from which we are immediately to descend; they strike for us the key-note to which the song of all the days that follow is to be sung. For though the season passes, the Christ from whom the season has all its glad meaning is with us ever, and He, and not the day that tells of His birth, is the power that inspires to love and peace and joy.



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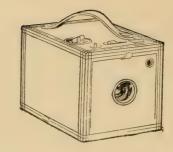
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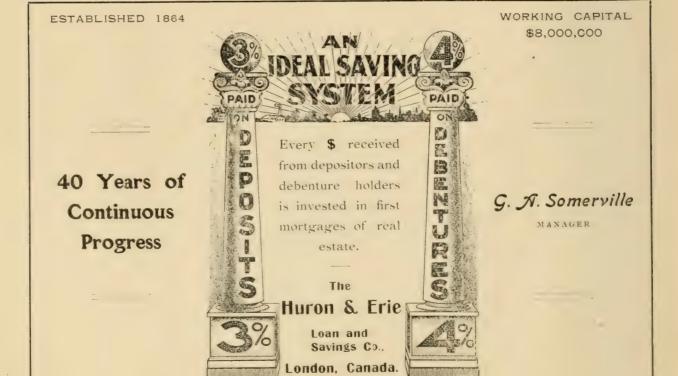
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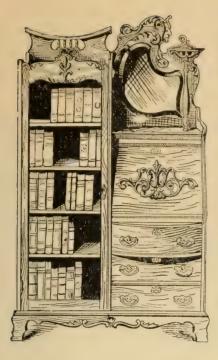
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